

PD NON-FICTION

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RAINBOW NATURAL BRIDGE, LOOKING NORTH

Photo by Charles L. Bernheimer; article, pg 93

CONFLICT AND COEXISTENCE WITH TWO CHINAS

from The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Hong Kong*, by Gene Gleason

“There is a saying in China; ‘If the east wind does not prevail over the west wind, then the west wind will prevail over the east wind.’ I think the characteristic of the current situation is that the east wind prevails over the west wind; that is, the strength of socialism exceeds the strength of imperialism.”—MAO TSE-TUNG, MOSCOW, 1957

So spoke the chairman of the Chinese Communist Party at a time when all the winds seemed to be blowing his way. For eight years the People’s Republic of China had performed with the disciplined enthusiasm of a collegiate cheering section, expanding its industrial capacity at a prodigious rate and disseminating its political influence throughout Asia. Soviet Russia had given complete ideological support and technical assistance to its junior partner in world Communism.

Since then, the winds have shifted to a new quarter. The Great Leap Forward that began in 1958 has struck a dead calm. Backyard factories and foundries have failed to attain either the standards or quantity of production anticipated, but they succeeded for a time in clogging the country’s transportation system and in interfering with the distribution of food and other consumer goods. The same confused planning that turned the emphasis from large-scale industrial production to backyard factories also transformed the traditional small Chinese farm and the medium-sized collective farm into titanic agricultural communes. By a combination of mismanagement and adverse growing conditions, the communes have brought about the worst food shortage in China’s recent history.

In the summer of 1961, the prevailing winds from Moscow turned unseasonably icy as an ideological split developed between Russia and China. No one outside the Communist partnership could assess the full significance of the break, but it offered very little prospect of increased Soviet assistance to Communist China.

Every change in the political winds of mainland China creates an eddy in Hong Kong. In the eight years when Red China was swept along by the momentum of its revolutionary spirit, the colony was beset by a succession of incidents. British ships and planes became the target for Chinese Communist guns. Long after the mainland fell under the unchallenged domination of the Reds, the grim warfare between Communists and Nationalists continued in the streets of Hong Kong.

Whether by coincidence or direct cause, the second year of the Great Leap

Forward brought an unexpected lull in the Communist harassment of the colony. Left-wing agitation in the schools and trade unions persisted, but colony officials noticed that Communist sympathizers, once so avid for violent strikes and street demonstrations, seemed to have lost their appetite for both. The assumption was that Peking had told them they could expect no further support from that source. At the same time, shooting incidents and border clashes virtually ceased.

There was no disposition in the colony to regard this undeclared armistice as a bid for reconciliation. The news that the Great Leap had made its first big stumble was already in circulation, and the colony administration, quite unofficially, reached its own conclusion; Communist China was temporarily too busy mopping up its own mess to indulge its normal passion for badgering Hong Kong. When China's house had restored order, its Communist leadership would be right back at the colony's throat.

Hong Kong's colonial administration has never deluded itself with the belief that it could survive a massive assault by Red China. In population and the size of its armed forces, Hong Kong is outnumbered by approximately 200 to 1. Against Japan in 1941, Hong Kong's resistance lasted less than three weeks; against Red China, it might last about half as long.

But there are certain restraining factors unreflected in the comparative strength of the opposing land forces. The most tangible of these are the ships of the British and United States navies, continually riding at anchor in Hong Kong harbor or cruising in the surrounding seas. Aircraft carriers, submarines, cruisers and destroyers equipped with planes and missiles tend to put the brakes on impulsive acts of aggression by an inferior naval power.

A Communist grab for Hong Kong would almost inevitably involve Red China in a major war. Great Britain has shown no disposition to surrender this profitable possession without a fight, and although the United States has made no specific pledge to defend the colony, it is not likely to let the Chinese Communists snatch it from her principal ally.

Red China's instinctive belligerence may be tempered by the fate of its first outright aggression, which did not keep the United Nations out of Korea, but did a great deal to keep Red China out of the United Nations for years thereafter.

Aided in part by these considerations, Hong Kong has sat since 1949 on the doorstep of a country dedicated to its destruction. In the late 1940s, it was felt that a substantial cut in the colony's trade with China would ruin the British enclave by purely peaceful methods. Most of the trade has been lost since then, but Hong Kong has perversely grown more prosperous than ever before.

The overriding reason why Hong Kong continues to thrive in the shadow of its hostile neighbor is economic. Ideologies apart, they need each other.

Despite the drop in their total trade, Hong Kong remains Red China's chief non-Communist trading partner. In recent years it has become a lop-sided arrangement, with the Chinese Communists shipping ten times more goods to the colony than they purchase from her. Yet the imbalance appears to suit the purposes of both sides.

Hong Kong, which cannot produce enough food to sustain its population for more than a few months of the year, has imported an average of \$200,000,000 worth of goods from Red China in each of the last three years, and food represents more than a third of the total. In the same years, Red China imported about \$20,000,000 annually from the colony. Thus the Reds earned a favorable trade balance of \$180,000,000 a year, giving them the foreign exchange they need as critically as Hong Kong needs food.

It may be wondered why the Chinese Communists, with three successive crop failures, are willing to export any of their food. But they must earn foreign exchange to pay for grain, flour, powdered milk and sugar to save themselves from starvation, and their food purchases in the world market during 1960 and 1961 ran up a bill of \$360,000,000.

The whole pattern of mainland-colony trade has been reversed since 1950. In that year, their trade came to \$406,000,000, or about a third of Hong Kong's total world trade of \$1,314,000,000. By 1960, the total colony-mainland trade had skidded to \$228,000,000 and represented only one-seventh of the colony's world trade volume of \$1,716,000,000.

In 1950, Hong Kong exported \$255,000,000 to Red China, but imported only \$151,000,000 from her. The crown colony still serves as a major transshipment port for China's trade with other countries, but her importance as an exporter and re-exporter from other countries to China was painfully diminished by United Nations and United States embargoes during the Korean war.

The pinch of those embargoes was so tight that it looked for a while as if Hong Kong, which had prospered on its Chinese export trade for 110 years, would wither from the loss of it. To the amazement of its economic obituary writers, the colony side-stepped its assigned grave by developing its own industries. Within a few years, Hong Kong became bigger as a manufacturer than it had ever been as a trader.

Red China's benefits from the existing trade with Hong Kong go further than the earning of foreign exchange from a favorable trading balance. She also trades profitably in human misery. The Chinese refugees who fled to Hong Kong are the prime victims of this merciless squeeze.

No matter how intensely the refugees dislike the Communist regime on the mainland, they have not severed their ties with friends and relatives in China. They are the first to know of economic reverses and crop failure inside China because the news is brought to them by travelers crossing the colony border. It is a story repeated by almost every new refugee who escapes from the homeland to Macao or Hong Kong.

The effect on the Chinese in Hong Kong is irresistible; by every tradition of family loyalty they are compelled to help their starving kinsmen in China. In obedience to this obligation, the Hong Kong Chinese sent 13,000,000 two-pound packets of food and other household needs through the colony's post office in 1961 to friends and relatives across the border.

The squeeze takes the form of customs duties which often exceed the value of the goods shipped. If the sender mails his parcel from a Hong Kong post office, the receiver in China pays the duty when it arrives. But the duty can be any amount the Red Chinese officials choose to assign, and many recipients refuse the parcels because they cannot pay for them. If a parcel agent handles the shipment, sending it through the Chinese post offices across the frontier or through his own agents inside China, the Hong Kong sender has to pay all the duties in colony currency before it starts on its way.

One Chinese resident who came to the colony in 1962 told The South China Morning Post, a Hong Kong English-language daily, that the Red Chinese government was taking in about \$53,000 a day on these parcel duties, with the peak of the loot coming at Chinese New Year, when presents are shipped home in the greatest numbers. A vast percentage of the parcel-senders were poor people, and each parcel cost them anywhere from a day's to a week's wages, or more.

The external harmony which has prevailed between the colony and the mainland since 1959 offers a glaring contrast to the discord that preceded it. Ever since 1949, the Reds have been taking angry swipes at the colony, a game in which their worst enemies, the Chinese Nationalists, frequently joined.

In the year that the Reds gained control of the mainland, trade relations and communications between China and Hong Kong were broken off. The Kowloon-Canton Railway suspended transborder operations and Communist guerrilla forces lined up threateningly along the frontier.

While the Communists pressed the colony from the north, the Nationalists launched a blockade of all ports along the Chinese coast. Caught between the opposing forces, the colony banned political societies with outside allegiance and bolstered its own defenses. Additional lands and buildings were requisitioned for military use and 900 volunteer soldiers were added

to its garrison.

Great Britain sought to relieve the existing tension by recognizing Red China on February 6, 1950, but there was no exchange of diplomatic representatives. Swelling tides of Chinese refugees continued to pour across the frontier and the colony instituted its first immigration controls in May, 1950.

The initial breach in Hong Kong's policy of cautious neutrality came on June 5, 1950, when two Nationalist warships, enforcing their own blockade against the Reds, attacked the 800-ton British merchant vessel Cheung Hing. This dreadnought, steaming along with a cargo of fertilizer from Amoy, was raked with Nationalist shells which killed six of her passengers and wounded six others.

Early in August, 1950, the Reds produced their own series of incidents. Communist gunboats fired on three British ships just outside Hong Kong territorial waters and an armed Red junk bombarded the American freighter Steel Rover. The day after the Rover incident, a Communist shore battery on Ling Ting Island, a few miles outside the southern limit of Hong Kong waters, directed its cannon and machine guns against the British freighter Hangsang, wounding two British officers. Communist forts in the same area fired on the Norwegian freighter Pleasantville on August 6, but no hits were scored.

The shootings were collectively interpreted as a Red warning to keep all Allied shipping away from her installations on Ling Ting and the nearby Lema and Ladrone islands. On August 17, the British destroyer Concord replied to the warning by exchanging a half-hour of shellfire with the Communist forts.

None of these incidents was as disruptive as the Communist agitation inside the colony. Here the core of the trouble arose from the Hong Kong Federation of Trade Unions, or FTU, an openly pro-Red group with more than sixty member unions whose power was concentrated in shipyards, textile mills and public utilities. The FTU succeeded in fomenting a streetcar strike in 1949. With zealous devotion to the party line, the FTU unions shoved themselves into every labor dispute they could penetrate. They also displayed a touching concern for the unhappy living conditions of the refugees, undeterred by the fact that most of the refugees obviously preferred them to conditions in Communist China.

A flash fire in a refugee settlement on November 21, 1951, drove 10,000 persons from their shacks and enabled Red China to rush in with the offer to send a relief mission. The Communist angels of mercy were to be met at the Hong Kong terminus of the Kowloon-Canton Railway by a banner-waving group of left-wing welcomers. They failed to show up, and a riot broke out in which there was one fatality and thirty injuries before police brought it under control.

The left-wing unions trumpeted their public concern for the refugees by a number of street demonstrations which police barely managed to keep from exploding into new riots. Wearying of the skirmishes, Police Commissioner Duncan MacIntosh tried a new tack. With the consent of Governor Alexander Grantham, he offered to satisfy the strident Communist demands to improve the refugees' lot by paying full transportation costs and expenses of ten Hong Kong dollars to every person who wanted to return to any part of Red China. The only acceptance came from an old man who wanted to be buried with his ancestors in Northern China.

The sea-lane incidents resumed on September 25, 1952, when a Communist gunboat halted the Macao ferry with a burst of warning shots, searched the ship and removed a Chinese passenger. In the same year, there were two other Communist and three Nationalist attacks on British ships.

A Communist warship came upon a Royal Naval launch in the Pearl River estuary on September 10, 1953, riddled it with shells and killed six men, wounding five others. A stiff British protest was delivered to Peking without bringing either an apology or compensation. The Nationalists kept up their end of the harassment in that month with one of their warships firing on the British destroyer St. Bride's Bay off the China coast.

Each of these incidents stirred the British government to send protests to Peking or Taipeh, but they usually elicited only transient interest outside the countries directly involved.

The Chinese Communists' capture of two American newsmen and an American merchant-marine captain on March 21, 1953, brought the United States government into the long succession of Hong Kong incidents. The reaction was quick and angry, for the Reds had subjected the United States to an unceasing campaign of vilification and had already imprisoned more than thirty American civilians in China. The Dixon-Applegate case came as a kind of climactic tail-twister.

Richard Applegate, National Broadcasting Company correspondent in Hong Kong, and Donald Dixon, International News Service correspondent in Korea, were sailing five miles west of Lantau Island on Applegate's 42-foot sailboat, the Kert, when they were stopped by a Chinese gunboat manned by Chinese soldiers. The newsmen, accompanied by merchant marine Captain Benjamin Krasner, his Chinese fiancée and two Chinese sailors, were in international waters, bound for Macao on a pleasure cruise. Protests that they were violating no law had no effect on the Reds, who accused them of straying into Chinese waters.

The Kert and its six passengers were towed to the Communist base at Lap Sap Mei, transferred to Canton and held prisoners until September 15, 1954. The United States protested vehemently to Peking, and Great Britain joined in demands that the group be set free. Harry J. Anslinger,

United States Commissioner of Narcotics, had a private revelation which he duly reported to the United Nations: The Kert had been captured by Chinese narcotics smugglers, led by Lu Wang-tse, a notorious woman pirate! Nothing more was heard of the lady known as Lu—Applegate said after his release that he could not imagine how the preposterous tale had originated, but the Red Chinese let many months pass before they admitted the capture.

When the three Americans were finally released, they had suffered physically from a skimpy diet of practically inedible food. Captain Krasner's fiancée, and one of the crewmen, a British subject living in Hong Kong, were subsequently allowed to leave China, but the other Chinese crewman remained a prisoner.

The international repercussions of the Dixon-Applegate affair were intensified by a fresh provocation which called ships and planes of the United States, Britain and France into emergency action. This was the callous and apparently senseless shooting down of a British-owned Cathay Pacific Airways C-54 Skymaster on July 23, 1954, with the loss of ten lives, by three Red Chinese LA-9 Lavochkin piston-engined fighter planes.

The Skymaster, carrying twelve passengers and a crew of six, took off from the Bangkok airport at 8:28 P.M., heading northeast in bright moonlight over Thailand and Indochina for the 1,071-mile flight to Hong Kong. The passenger load was light, so most people occupied window seats. The sun rose soon after the plane flew out over the South China Sea. Cape Bastion, the southeastern tip of Hainan Island, a Communist possession about the size of Denmark, became visible 50 miles away. Below, a brisk southwest wind whipped the sea into whitecaps.

Co-Pilot Cedric Carlton suggested a time-saving route nearer to Hainan, but Captain Phillip Blown decided to hold his present course, keeping far away from Hainan to avoid another of the Red charges that their twelve-mile limit was being violated by non-Communist flyers. At 8:45 A.M., Carlton looked out a starboard window and shouted to Captain Blown that two cream-colored fighter planes with Red Chinese markings were coming up fast from the rear on his side. Captain Blown put the plane on automatic pilot, took a quick look back through the port window and saw a third fighter zeroing in on his side of the tail.

“Without any warning, they opened up with machine-gun and cannon fire,” Captain Blown later wrote in his report. “The noise and the shambles from their guns was terrific. It was obviously a premeditated attack.”

The hail of bullets from short range immediately set fire to the Skymaster's left outboard engine, and the No. 4 engine on the far right. Flames burst from the auxiliary and main fuel tanks beside the No. 4 engine at almost the same moment.

Captain Blown, flying at 9,000 feet, instantly went into a dive. He turned sharply left and right as he descended, trying to shake the pursuing fighters, and headed for the sea at 300 miles an hour. He was fighting to get out of the line of fire long enough to dump his gas and check the flames that were eating away a broad section of the skin on his right wing.

The guns of the LA-9s kept up their clatter on his tail and bullets tore through the plane cabin, splintering the interior and killing several passengers. Bullets whizzed past the two pilots and smashed the boost pressure and fuel-flow gauges. At 5,000 feet, the rudder controls snapped; at 3,000, the right aileron control was shot off. The No. 4 engine was feathered, but its extinguisher failed to stifle the raging flames.

The Skymaster began to stall groggily toward the right, but Captain Blown checked it by throttling back his two left-wing engines and pouring full power on No. 3, the only operative engine on the right side. The ship's speed dropped to 160 miles an hour, and the right wing began to dip.

With the small degree of control remaining, Captain Blown plunged the Skymaster through the shoulder of a 15-foot wave as the right wing and No. 4 engine snapped off, then slammed into the middle of the next wave. The solid impact of the water caved in the cockpit windows. The tail broke off, up-ended in unison with the fuselage and headed for the sea bottom. Less than two minutes elapsed between the attack and the ditching.

Thirty seconds after hitting the water, the fuselage sank out of sight. Two of the Red fighters executed a U-turn around the wreckage before heading back to their base at Sanya, on the southern end of Hainan Island. Few of the victims had time to put on life jackets. When the cabin went down, only those washed clear of it had a chance to survive.

The eight survivors clambered or were dragged aboard the twenty-man inflated rubber raft. Captain Blown spread a weather awning over the raft and warned all passengers to keep out of sight under it in case of another attack.

Steve Wong, the Chinese radio operator, had died in the wreck. Captain Blown remembered seeing him talk into the mike all during the dive toward the sea and sending a final message, "Losing altitude, engine on fire." The message was heard at Kai Tak Airport in Hong Kong and rescue operations started immediately.

Two hours later, rescue planes began to circle over the raft—Hornets, a Sunderland, Valetta, York and a French B-24, but none could land on the water. A pair of U.S. Air Force SA-16 Grumman Albatrosses were dispatched from Sangley Point in the Philippines. One of the big amphibians landed

in sheltered water on the lee side of Tinhosa Island and taxied out to the raft in a perilously rough sea.

The rescuers were guided to the spot by smoke flares dropped by the French B-24. Dozens of Chinese junks wallowed and rocked on the waves at some distance from the raft, making no attempt to interfere as American fighter planes flew cover over the raft. The survivors had been on the raft for seven hours before being rescued.

Besides the three fatalities among the crew—Stewardess Rose Chen, Steve Wong and Flight Engineer G. W. Cattanch—there were seven passenger deaths, including a tea merchant, a Hong Kong University student, an American exporter and his two sons, and the owner of a Hong Kong curio shop. Captain Blown, who continued as a Cathay Pacific Airways pilot for many years, received a Queen's Commendation for his cool-headed efforts to save the Skymaster and the lives of those aboard.

Humphrey Trevelyan, British Chargé d'Affaires at Peking, delivered his government's strongly worded protest, and the Red Chinese ultimately paid \$1,027,600 indemnity for the loss of the plane. No explanation of the shooting was given, except for undocumented guesses that the Communists may have been trying to kill or kidnap some person on the plane or to scare off all ships approaching her territorial limits.

The shooting prompted John Foster Dulles, American Secretary of State, to issue a hot denunciation of the "further barbarity" of the Chinese Reds. The U.S. Navy Department dispatched two aircraft carriers, the Hornet and the Philippine Sea, to join in the rescue. Their planes raced to the rescue scene, ready to start shooting if there were any Red Chinese interference. It was one of the angriest moments between the U.S. and Red China since the Korean war. It passed without further raising of American tempers, but reinforced the already intense American antipathy for Mao's Communist state.

Less than one year later, the destruction of a second airliner in the South China Sea thrust Hong Kong into the Communist-Nationalist crossfire. A Lockheed Constellation of Air-India International took off from Kai Tak Airport, bound for the first Afro-Asian Conference at Bandoeng carrying eight Red Chinese delegates. The conference was intended to assure the uncommitted nations that Communist China had put aside its warlike ways to become an exemplar of peaceful coexistence.

There was an appalling roar as the Constellation approached Sarawak; a bomb burst in the baggage compartment, setting the aircraft afire. Pilot Captain D. K. Jatar, showing incredible skill and nerve, managed to guide the shattered plane to a jolting belly-landing at 150 miles an hour. But the impact with the sea tore the Constellation apart and it sank in moments, leaving a circle of flames on the surface. Before the radio went dead, the ship had issued an international distress call.

Eleven passengers and five crewmen, including Captain Jatar, died in the crash and explosion. Three surviving crew members drifted in a life raft for nine hours until they were picked up by the British frigate Dampier. All the Chinese delegates were among those killed, and Peking charged sabotage. The accusation proved to be well-based; the bomb had been planted by a Nationalist saboteur, employed as a cleaner by the British maintenance company at Kai Tak Airport. Hong Kong police offered a \$17,500 reward for his arrest, but he escaped to Taiwan on another airplane.

The Hong Kong government issued a warrant for the bomber's arrest, but the Nationalist authorities replied that they had no legal basis for his extradition to the colony. There the matter rested, with the abiding hatred between Peking and Taipeh continuing as before.

Each of the sea and air incidents threatened the security of the colony to some degree, but none rocked its internal structure with the earthquake power of the Double Ten riots of October, 1956. No other crisis since World War II has presented such a frontal challenge to its ability to preserve law and order. Three days of savage guerrilla warfare raged through thickly congested streets, and when the fight was over, the British administration had had the fright of its life.

Statistics convey none of the heat of these bloody battles, but they measure a few of their dimensions: 59 people killed, 500 injured, nearly \$1,000,000 in property damage, 6,000 arrests, 1,241 prison sentences and four executions for murder. Nearly 3,000 police and several army battalions were engaged in subduing the rioters. From east to west, the riots extended across eleven miles of Upper Kowloon and the New Territories, and were marked by fifty-four skirmishes between mobs and the uniformed forces.

If the genesis of the riots were to be narrowed down to a single proximate cause, it would have to be something as trivial as an argument over a few paper flags pasted on a concrete wall. Physically, that was where they started, but their true origin goes back at least three centuries.

The riots took their name from the common designation of a patriotic holiday on October 10, the tenth day of the tenth month, marking the anniversary of the establishment of the Chinese Republic in 1911. In Hong Kong, it is preceded by the October 1 celebration of the birthday of Red China. Each holiday gave Nationalist or Communist sympathizers an opportunity to explode strings of firecrackers, hold rallies and fly their national flags. On both days, police were out in full force to prevent riots between the opposing Chinese groups, and they managed to keep the lid down fairly well until 1956.

The October 1 holiday in 1956 passed without undue commotion and October 10 began with no indication of Communist violence. Nationalist flags were displayed by refugees all over the colony, particularly in the heavily populated resettlement estates of Upper Kowloon. The refugees were predominantly pro-Nationalist, having been driven from their homeland by the Reds. After years of exile and grinding poverty, many of them were steeped in bitterness and yearning for revenge against the Communists.

The Triad gangs, whose members played a key part in the Double Ten riots, had been established in China three centuries ago as a patriotic society dedicated to the overthrow of the foreign Manchus who dethroned the native Ming Dynasty. Their professed ideals slowly rotted away and they devolved into a band of thugs, living on protection rackets, shake-downs of street peddlers and petty criminals, enforced by fear and strong-arm brutality. Since World War I, crime has become their primary business and their patriotism survives only as a front.

On October 10, 1956, pro-Nationalist residents of the Shek Kip Mei Resettlement Estate began to take down the paper flags they had pasted on the concrete walls of the housing blocks. Housing officials had objected that the pasted flags were difficult to remove after the Double Ten holiday was over, and the tenants, who could still fly flags from poles or ropes, accepted the cleanup job unprotestingly.

At Li Cheng Uk, a resettlement estate about a quarter of a mile to the northwest of Shek Kip Mei, housing officials themselves removed Nationalist flags and symbols stuck on the walls. It was early in the morning of the Double Tenth, when an unfriendly crowd of about 400 gathered quickly and demanded that the flags be restored. Police were called, but the crowd swelled to more than 2,000 by early afternoon and its demands became more extravagant. Impatient for action, some of the crowd attacked two resettlement officials, beating them severely. Police units, hurrying to help the injured men, were met with a barrage of flying bottles. They replied with tear gas and the mob, turning its anger on the police, showered them with rocks. A resettlement office was set afire but police reinforcements succeeded in dispersing the mob. By midafternoon, with two persons arrested and four injured, peace appeared to have been restored.

Right after the dinner hour, a newly formed mob at Li Cheng Uk renewed the rock-throwing attacks on police. Nationalist flags were unfurled and a shouting mass of rioters charged into police lines. Four riot units of 240 men were called out and the strengthened force threw a cordon around six blocks while a sporadic exchange of rocks and tear gas continued. The area enclosed by the cordon became relatively quiet, but new disorders broke out along its southern edge. Police vehicles were attacked, and members of Triads were sighted in the center of the commotion.

Rioting became general and violent by 10:30 P.M. and police set up

roadblocks on main routes into the area. The mobs altered their tactics, splitting into small fighting squads that pounded a segment of the police lines with a swift, sharp attack, then scattered and ran before police could bring up reserves. Within a few minutes, the attack squads would re-form on another block and hit police lines again. As the evening advanced, the riot zone kept expanding into other parts of Kowloon. Police units were alerted on Hong Kong Island to forestall possible riots there.

Police were only one of the mob targets. A fire engine returning from a minor blaze near the Kowloon resettlement estates was bombarded with bricks, bottles and chunks of concrete. The engine driver, struck on the head by a flying object, lost control of the truck and it plunged erratically into a crowd, killing three and injuring five. Ambulances were stoned as they arrived to pick up the casualties. An Auxiliary Fire Service vehicle was dumped over and set on fire. Hordes of rioters swarmed into the area, more police were summoned and a four-hour battle ensued.

The looting phase of the riots began with an attack on a bakery in the heart of the disturbed area. After smashing the bakery windows and setting it afire, rioters turned their rock-and-stone batteries on firemen called to put out the flames. Two floors of the building were destroyed before the firemen could extinguish the blaze. Meanwhile, rioters went berserk on the streets, looting and burning shops until the massed strength of police laboriously regained control of the neighborhood.

Another battle was fought in the crowded streets of Mongkok. Rocks were dropped on the police from balconies while Triad gangs embarked on the looting of shops. Marauding gangs roamed the Kowloon streets down to Austin Road, the northern edge of the tourist and luxury shopping section, before police hammered them into submission.

General restoration of order in Kowloon was still far off. October 11 was only a half-hour old when police learned that a mob infiltrated by Triad gangsters was preparing to set fire to a pro-Communist private school. Police sent to investigate were pelted with rocks and forced to withdraw with five men injured. A riot unit used tear gas to pen the rioters inside the resettlement buildings while other police went to the school. They found looters and arsonists busily at work and arrested eleven men.

About 3:45 A.M., hoodlums became active near Kai Tak Airport, a mile and a half east of Tai Hang Tung, wrecking a traffic pagoda.

Sunrise on October 11 brought a lull, but at 10 A.M., there was renewed rioting at Li Cheng Uk. Triad thugs peddled Nationalist flags by threatening to beat up anyone who refused to buy. Looting and mob barricades again confronted police who had been hard-hit by injuries.

One mob launched a full-scale attack on the Sham Shui Po police station, but were repelled by gunfire and scattered into the side streets when an armored car pursued them. Mobs of ever-increasing size were fast-moving and elusive, and tear gas did little more than drive them to another location where they attacked again. They lighted bonfires in the streets and then heaved rocks at the firemen called to extinguish them.

The Kowloon rioters displayed no signs of a unified battle plan, nor any concerted push toward a strategic objective. But their actions revealed a consistent pattern of criminality after the looting and extortion began, confirming the police belief that Triads were in control. Police decided to shoot to kill, but realized that even this last-ditch measure would be useless unless they deployed their units to surround the rioters and take them prisoner. Shortly after noon of October 11—and very late by many people's judgment—three battalions of the Hong Kong army garrison were thrown into the fight.

With army battalions in action, the mob spirit began to die down throughout Kowloon by evening. A curfew was imposed, cross-harbor ferry service suspended, and the main impetus of the Kowloon riots came to an end.

Rigid enforcement of the curfew slowly cleared the streets of bystanders, but failed to drive the active rioters to cover. Looting and stoning of police persisted in Mongkok until after midnight, when riot guns and tear gas finally halted it. Strong-arm gangs armed with rocks, hammers, and iron bars prowled through eastern Kowloon, extorting money from shopkeepers, looting factories and battling police. Three rioters were killed and more than 400 arrested before the plundering was checked.

Looting and arson continued for the third day, October 12, at many places in Kowloon. The mass riots of the first two days were replaced by a merciless street war between bands of gangsters and the uniformed services of the colony. Three looters were shot to death in a raid on a provision shop in Mongkok. Firemen, ambulance crews and practically every man in a uniform was stoned or beaten if he ventured into a riot area.

On the afternoon of the 12th, police began dragnet raids on the hideouts of rioters and looters, taking 1,170 prisoners. The next day, raids at Li Cheng Uk by police and military units took 1,000 prisoners, and 700 others were rounded up at Tai Hang Tung.

On the morning of October 14, the curfew was lifted in Kowloon and most of the army units were relieved. But a night curfew continued for three more nights in northwestern Kowloon.

The day after the Kowloon riots erupted, a related but different kind of rioting broke out in Tsuen Wan, a New Territories factory town five

and one-half miles west of Li Cheng Uk. In this area of textile and enamelware factories, most of the workers lived in company dormitories; physically close, but divided into intensely hostile pro- and anti-Communist unions.

Tsuen Wan had experienced some friction over the refusal of factory owners to display Nationalist flags on plant buildings during the Double Ten holiday, although pro-Nationalist workers could display the flags in their dormitories. No open protest was made until the afternoon of the next day, when a mob gathered outside a cotton mill and insisted that Nationalist flags be shown. The company acceded, and even granted the crowd leaders a small amount of money.

But the right-wing unions were in no mood for peaceful solutions that same evening when they launched a series of raids on Communist union offices; they looted and burned the offices and beat some leftist workers so savagely that five of them died. Sixty other leftist union members were collared by a mob and dragged off to a Nationalist rally where they were kicked and punched until many were unconscious. Meanwhile, another group of right-wing unionists continued to raid Communist union offices, assaulting any members they could find. Army troops were called to restore order, and their heavy vehicles crashed through mob barricades to remove the injured and clamp a strict curfew on Tsuen Wan.

One mile south of the town, mobs were still on a rampage, attacking a canning factory and setting it on fire. Four other factories on the outskirts of Tsuen Wan were besieged by mobs carrying Nationalist flags. Their demands were identical; either the plant would put out Nationalist flags and pay protection to the mob, or the place would be burned down. Management officials hastened to comply.

Several large textile mills were also favored with mob visits and a peremptory demand that they fire all pro-Red workers. Four miles west of Tsuen Wan, a Nationalist union group combined forces with a Triad gang, looted a textile factory, set fire to an automobile, stole a factory truck and withdrew after having their demands satisfied by management. Five houses and shops identified with Communist interests were invaded and wrecked.

The Tsuen Wan curfew was extended to surrounding areas and remained in force until October 16 while police and the army locked horns with the Nationalist rioters. Left-wingers were not an immediate problem, most of them having fled to the hills for their lives. But the rightist demonstrators were tough; they were disciplined fighters, ably led and guided by whistle-blast commands. Eight persons were killed, 109 seriously injured and 684 arrested before the rioters capitulated.

Long after the restoration of law and order, fear continued to keep workers away from their jobs. Full production did not resume at factories

and mills in the Tsuen Wan area until early in November.

When the last of the Double Ten disorders ended, the hard-pressed colony government had a chance to assess events. Most of the property damaged by mobs belonged to Communists or their sympathizers, but Nationalist vengeance was by no means the only reason for its destruction; the longer the riots continued, the more inescapable became the conclusion that they were directed by criminals bent on manipulating patriotic emotions to enrich themselves.

The Double Ten riots did more than weaken the prestige of the Triads, whose leaders were either arrested or deported; it helped to illustrate the futility of waging a street war in Hong Kong over the Nationalist-Communist issue. Partisanship toward either side still burns strongly among the older Chinese, but it is a dwindling flame. Younger people, and many Chinese intellectuals within the colony, seem indifferent or hostile to both camps. Practically no one wants to return to Red China, and Taiwan had shown little inclination to welcome Chinese immigrants from Hong Kong until the border rush of May, 1962.

The turmoil occasioned by the Double Ten riots was succeeded by a period of comparative calm between Red China and the colony. But it ended in 1958, when the Chinese Communists clamped tight restrictions on inshore fishing by boats from Hong Kong. The Reds, perennially belligerent over the suspected invasion of their territorial limits, demanded that any boats fishing in their waters must have a Communist registration in addition to their colony registry. The registration also involved a Communist share of the fisherman's catch, and Hong Kong boats resented the gouge. The apparent solution was to keep their craft out of Communist waters.

The Reds made the problem more complex by invading Hong Kong waters on numerous patrol swoops to seize Hong Kong junks. The first of these came in October, 1958, when Red patrol boats grabbed several junks near Po Toi Island, on the southern edge of colony waters. In December, a Communist gunboat fired on junks in colony waters, killing two fishermen and injuring several others. A month later, a Chinese gunboat crossed into colony waters and captured two fishing boats with six persons aboard. In May, 1959, an armed Communist tug pushed nine miles into Hong Kong waters to round up a pair of large fishing junks.

In self-defense, many Hong Kong fishermen abandoned inshore fishing, and ventured much farther out to sea. Without intending to, the Reds helped to stimulate the mechanization of the colony's fishing fleet and improve its efficiency.

The colonial administration at Hong Kong carefully avoids comment on the Nationalist-Communist issue. It can, of course, initiate no foreign policy of its own, but must keep precisely to the line set down by the

British government. It is expected to get along as best it can with both Red China and Taiwan, and leave the high-level thundering to London.

While the colony's officials are well aware that the United States and other Western powers are using Hong Kong as an observation post on Red China, and that both Red China and Taiwan have their corps of spies in the colony, they take no official cognizance of such activities until they become too conspicuous. Unfortunately, they often do. Toward the end of 1961, the colony had 21 Nationalist spies in custody, including a former leader of guerrilla forces in Southeast Asia.

Even more embarrassing are the cases in which one of the colony's officials turns out to be a foreign spy. On October 2, 1961, the colony government arrested John Chao-ko Tsang, an Assistant Superintendent of Police and one of its most promising career men, and deported him to Red China on November 30. The case created a sensation, for Tsang had the highest post of any colony official ever involved in an espionage case.

With its customary delicacy in matters affecting Red China, the government announced only that Tsang was being deported as an alien. Fourteen other "aliens" were rounded up for questioning in the case, and four of them were sent across the border at Lo Wu with John Tsang. Tsang was later rumored to be in charge of public security for the Reds at Canton.

Tsang's arrest was pure luck. A Chinese detective returning from Macao on another case noticed a man dressed as a common laborer take a bundle of \$100 banknotes from one pocket and put it into another. The detective questioned him about the large amount of money, but found his answers pretty thin. He was accordingly hauled to a police station, questioned further and searched. A letter found on him was eventually traced to John Tsang. Unofficially, the letter was said to contain instructions from a Communist espionage cell in Macao.

The former Assistant Superintendent was thirty-eight years old, and so intelligent and popular that he looked to be headed for a top place in the department. Born in China, he had come to Hong Kong before the Reds ruled the mainland, joined the police in 1948 and rose rapidly from the ranks. He had gone to Cambridge University in 1960 for advanced studies, married while there, and returned to the colony in mid-1961. He was then one of the highest-ranking Chinese officers in the department.

The nature of Tsang's work gave him an expert's knowledge of the colony's defenses and internal security, information of obvious value to the Reds. His associates in the police force still doubt that he came to Hong Kong as a spy, believing that he turned Communist after he became established in the colony. His wife and mother remained in Hong Kong after his deportation.

The Tsang case was also an embarrassment to Hong Kong Chinese who aspired to high office in the colony. It bolstered the anti-Chinese bias of old-school colonialists, giving them an opportunity to say, "See! When you give those Chinese a good job, they sell you out."

The stream of political abuse which Peking had directed at Hong Kong for a decade was superseded in 1960 by a stream of fresh water flowing at the rate of 5 billion gallons a year. On November 15, 1960, the two governments signed an agreement under which Red China was to tap its newly built Sham Chun reservoir, two miles north of the colony border, to provide an auxiliary supply for Hong Kong. The colony put up its own pumping station and laid ten miles of steel pipeline, four feet in diameter, to convey the water to its own large reservoir at Tai Lam, near Castle Peak. The water began flowing in December, 1960, and the arrangements for receiving and paying for it have proceeded smoothly since then.

No one has assessed the symbolic or political significance of the deal, which meets only a small fraction of the colony's water needs, but it disconcerts many American tourists.

"Do you mean to tell me I've been drinking Communist water?" they ask. Most of the food they ate in Hong Kong probably came from Red China, but water is different. Some of them eye it suspiciously, as if they expected it to have a reddish hue or to contain traces of poison. The water is purified and filtered in Hong Kong, however, and thus far it has maintained a crystal-clear neutrality.

The life-or-death issue between Red China and Hong Kong is one that may not be decided until June 30, 1997, the termination date of the New Territories lease. If it is not renewed, more than 90 percent of the colony's land will revert to China, leaving Great Britain with Hong Kong Island, most of the Kowloon Peninsula and Stonecutters Island.

If China refuses to renew, as she has a clear legal right to do under the terms of the 99-year lease, she will get much more than the land itself. With it will come the colony's only modern airport, practically all its productive farmland, its chief industrial centers at Tsuen Wan and Kwun Tong, by far the greater part of its reservoirs and water-supply system, from one-third to one-half its population and all its mineral resources except a few quarries and clay pits.

"It would be folly to try to foresee what will happen in thirty-five years," said one of the colony's principal officials in 1962. "In this age of fission and fusion, it's impossible to see even five years ahead."

On one point, there is little doubt among the colony's officials: without the New Territories, Hong Kong would be untenable.

Outside of the colony, the 1997 deadline looms like doom; inside, it is just another of those far-off worries, like an epidemic or a catastrophic typhoon. Everyone knows it is coming; meanwhile, they go on making money, putting up new factories and hotels and planning gigantic public works.

Some of the colony's leading businessmen expect the Chinese Communists, or any other power ruling the mainland in 1997, to drive a tough bargain for the New Territories and then renew the lease for another 99 years.

Red China, which holds all the cards, hasn't tipped its hand.

THE PATHOS OF READJUSTMENT

By Elizabeth G. Stern

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The American Spirit in the Writings of Americans of Foreign Birth*, by Various

The pathos of the readjustment of the foreign-born to the new life in America has nowhere been more touchingly presented than in the story, "My Mother and I," by Mrs. E. G. Stern, who was born in Russian Poland.

Anyone who has gone on a long journey to make his home far from friends and relatives knows something of the pain of separating from loved ones; but the pain of such a separation cannot compare with the travail of taking a far spiritual journey. That one may still have deep reverence for the past, though breaking away from it, is the conviction of the author, who says: "And I shall always remember that, though my life is now part of my land's, yet, if I am truly part of America, it was mother, she who does not understand America, who made me so. I wonder if, as the American mother I strive to be, I can find a finer example than my own mother!"

AUTHOR'S PURPOSE IN WRITING

The mere writing of this account is a chain, slight, but never to be broken; one that will always bind me to that from which I had thought myself forever cut off. For I am writing not only of myself. In myself I see one hundred thousand young men and women with dark eyes aflame with enthusiasm, or blue eyes alight with hope. In myself, as I write this record, I see the young girl whose father plucked oranges in Italian gardens, the maiden whose mother worked on still mornings in the wide fields of Poland, the young man whose grandmother toiled in the peat bogs of Ireland. I am writing this for myself and for those who, like me, are America's foster children, to remind us of them, through whose pioneer courage the bright gates of this beautiful land

of freedom were opened to us, and upon whose tumuli of gray and weary years of struggle we, their children, rose to our opportunities.

I am writing to those sons and daughters of immigrant fathers and mothers who are now in America, and to those who will come after this devastating war to America, and to those who will receive them.

MARRIAGE AND AFTER

My friends are now my husband's friends. My home is that kind of a home in which he has always lived. With my marriage I entered into a new avenue. We have traveled. We have worked at tasks we believed in and loved. We have our little son. I have not written much to mother about my life. My letters have been--just letters. Her own letters have been growing briefer these last years. She never came to see me in my home.

It was our little son who was the real cause of her coming finally. I thought of his birth as the tearing down of that barrier that had come between us. Mother was intoxicated with the delight of her first grandchild, the first child of her first child. "Now we understand each other better, now that we both are mothers, my daughter," she wrote to me, not knowing how much more than she meant to say her letters told. I, too, felt that in my own motherhood I saw the explanation now for mother's unquestioning, unceasing striving and toiling and hoping and planning and achieving for her children. "Now I can find the joy of all mothers again. I can find my lost young motherhood in your child," she wrote. "I am coming to my grandson."

Mother had not traveled since she took that long trip, twenty-five years ago, from Poland to America, to come to her husband. And now she was preparing to come from Soho--to us, to her first grandchild. We were excited as the letters from home told us that they were. Day after day, my sisters wrote to us, women came to mother, giving her messages to take to me, whom they had known so well as a child. They brought mother cake and jellies and wines, as if she were about to travel a year instead of one night. My aunts came to help her sew her clothes, my uncles came to pack her suitcases. It was as if all Soho were coming here to us in the person of mother. Father hurried back and forth securing mileages, a berth. He carefully explained to mother what a berth was, and warned her above all not to forget to give the black man, when he gave her her hat, a quarter. My sisters wrote such dear letters, describing it all there at home.

We could hardly wait. Our little boy asked every day for "grammy." There came a deluge of telegrams to us, which clearly told us the haste and nervousness in the little home in Soho, and we knew that mother was on her way to us.

She came in the morning. She did not stop to kiss me, nor to look about

her, but as soon as she entered my home she cried breathlessly, "Where is my grandchild?" And she held him to her, and the tears filled her eyes. "Such a boy! But a boy!" she cried. We had written to her that our boy was speaking now. She sat down beside him, and she crooned love-words to him.

Son is a friendly little lad. I felt that, if I left them alone together, he and mother would grow close in a day or two. I peeped one morning into the nursery. Mother was standing, looking dully at the spotless baby cot, the white wicker chairs, the little washable rugs on the floor, the gay pictures on the white walls. Her worn plump hands were folded one upon the other in a gesture that I know. Little son was in a corner, gravely building a tower. Little son has been taught that he must play without demanding help or attention from adults about him, that "son must help himself." In Soho little boys are spanked and scolded and carried and physicked and loved and fed all day and all night.

Mother called to little son a quaint love name, and he turned to her with his bright smile, understanding her love tone. Then he quietly turned away from her to his toys again. And mother stood there in that strange white baby world which was her grandson's. Perhaps she was thinking of what she had thought to find him, like one of the children of her own young motherhood, dear burdens that one bore night and day. She was afraid to touch the crib, to soil the spotless rugs. Here was her grandchild, they were together, it is true. And her grandchild had no need of her. She felt alien, unnecessary.

I felt the tears in my eyes. I ran in, called son to come to play with grammy and mother. He came readily, laughingly, speaking his baby phrases that are so adorably like the words we adults, his parents, use. I had been anticipating, even before she came, how much mother and I would enjoy his baby talk. But mother said in a very low voice, "You say he speaks, daughter. I do not understand the words he means to say now. And--he will never learn--learn my language."

And mother's first tears fell.

We had planned for every hour of her visit to us, even for the hours of needed rest between whiles. In those rest spaces she would come into our living room. She is not accustomed to sitting in living rooms. Her life has been a life of toil. And our living room is to her as strange a place as was to me the first sitting room I saw long ago.

She looked with a little smile about her. She glanced at the bookcase, filled with books she cannot read, and about things she does not know. Finally her gaze rested upon a certain place, and my eyes followed hers. There stood the old candlesticks which she had known in her father's home in Poland, and which had stood in her own kitchen in

Soho. And there, in my living room stands also, with its bronze curves holding autumn leaves--the copper fish pot! "In America," said mother quaintly, with a little "crooked smile" only on her trembling, questioning lips, "they have all things--so different."

There is no need for mother's pot in my kitchen; it has become an emblem of the past, an ornament in my living room. Mother cannot understand our manner of cooking, the manner I learned away from home. She cannot eat the foods we have; her plate at meals was left almost untouched. She does not understand my white kitchen, used only for cooking. When she came into my kitchen, my maid asked her quickly, eager to please her, pleasantly and respectfully, "What can I do for you?"

So mother went out to the porch, and she looked out upon the tree-shaded street. And an infinite loneliness was hers, a loneliness at thought of the crowded, homely ghetto street, where every one goes about in shirt sleeves, or apron and kimono, where every one knows his neighbor, where every one speaks mother's speech.

She cannot understand my friends, nor they her. I am the only thing here that is part of her life. I for whom those hands of hers are hard and worn, and her eyes weary with the stitching of thousands of seams. She helped me to come into this house, to reach the quiet peace of this street. And she has come to see this place whither she toiled to have me come; and now that she came to see my goal she was afraid, lonely. She did not understand.

There is nothing that we have in common, it may appear, this mother of mine, and I, the mother of my son. Her life has lain always within the four dim walls of her ghetto home. And I have books, clubs, social service, music, plays. My motherhood is a privilege and an experience which is meaningful not only to my son and to me, but to my community. In this short visit of hers, for the first time mother saw me as that which I had always wished to be, an American woman at the head of an American home. But our home is a home which, try as I may, we cannot make home to mother. She has seen come to realization those things which she helped me to attain, and she cannot share, nor even understand, them.

But there is one thing we have in common, mother and I. We have this woman that I am, this woman mother has helped me to become. And I shall always remember that, though my life is now part of my land's, yet, if I am truly part of America, it was mother, she who does not understand America, who made me so. I wonder if, as the American mother I strive to be, I can find a finer example than my own mother!

There are many men and women who have gone, as I have, far from that place where we started. When I think of them lecturing on the platform,

teaching in schools and colleges, prescribing in offices, pleading before the bar of law, I shall never be able to see them standing alone. I shall always see, behind them, two shadowy figures who will stand with questioning, puzzled eyes, eyes in which there will be love, but no understanding, and always an infinite loneliness.

For those men and women who are physicians and lawyers and teachers and writers, they are young, and they belong to America. And they who recede into the shadow, they are old, and they do not understand America. But they have made their contribution to America--their sons and their daughters.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *An Australian Ramble*, by J. Ewing Ritchie

Holy Adelaide—Its Situation—Its Public Buildings—Its Mining-market—Dr. Arnold—Australian Plagues: Fleas and Mosquitoes and Serpents—Sunday Observance—The Macleay Mission—Number of Churches.

WHY Adelaide, from which I now write, can claim to be called ‘the Holy,’ is one of these things no ‘fella’ can understand. It may be because it is near Paradise, to which, I see, there is a daily service of trains, but which I have not yet visited, partly because I have a conviction that it is a place for which I am not yet ripe, and partly because at present my time is better occupied. Through the kindness of Chief Justice Way, the Acting-Governor of South Australia *pro tem.*, I am an honorary member of the Adelaide Club, and what with the English magazines and newspapers—long denied me—and the members of the club to talk to, I am perfectly contented to forego the joys of Paradise awhile. Chief Justice Way deserves a chapter to himself as the Mécænas of South Australia—the best of good company, as a host unsurpassed. It is said that he would have been Sir Samuel had he been a Churchman; but one can scarce believe that, in a land where religions are equal. Adelaide is a beautiful city, laid out with broad streets and public parks to the best advantage. It seemed to me, as I landed from the *‘Austral’* and took the train at the end of the pier in Largs Bay, that I had got into as stale and sandy a bit of country as ever I saw in my life. However, appearances improved as I passed through the busy port and entered the city, which I like better the more I see of it. As you may imagine by the name, the place is of recent origin. It was founded in 1834, and in 1836 it became the residence of a governor, and then the site of the present city was fixed on. ‘It is situated,’ wrote one of the officials, ‘on gently rising ground on both banks of a pretty stream, reaching down to the sea, over which south-west breezes blow nine months out of the twelve with invigorating freshness. At the back is a beautifully-wooded country,

which extends for about six miles, to the first range of hills. The hills seem to surround the town, except where they melt, as it were, into the sand of the seashore.' The then existing woods, however, have been cut down, and all along the plain are the homes of the citizens. You see few fine houses—mostly they are small—one story—with iron roofs and little gardens, where the inhabitants grow a few flowers and spend their evenings under the veranda, smoking or reading, as it seems good in their eyes. In one of them I found an old friend whom I had not seen for forty-five years. 'Do you remember me?' I said. 'Yes,' was the reply, as he mentioned my name. The fact is, he had seen that I was in Australia by the newspapers, and he fully expected I would call. Alas! his wife was less quick in recognising my manly form. In Adelaide you see little of the rush and excitement which make Melbourne and Sydney famous. It has a university and educational endowments, and newspapers in abundance. Where I am located, I look out on the palm-trees which decorate the Governor's residence, and a little further on are the fine buildings known as the Public Library and Museum, and beyond them are the Botanical Gardens, well worthy of a visit, though less beautifully situated than those of Sydney. On my left is the railway-station and the new Houses of Parliament, and the road which leads down to the Torrens Lake, across which a handsome bridge has been thrown, and where the young athletes of the city spend their summer evenings. I walk up King William Street, with its Town Hall and Post-office, all white, as are most of the houses and grand offices in the wide streets, and pass Victoria Square, on the other side of which are the Law Courts. The buildings devoted to religious purposes are many, and in one of them preaches the Rev. R. Fletcher, a powerful-looking man intellectually, in the prime of life, and the principal of the new college the Congregationalists are about to establish. He gathers around him an influential and very respectable congregation (about a dozen of his hearers are Members of Parliament), but, like all the rest of the city-pastors, both at home and in Australia, Mr. Fletcher finds yearly he loses old hearers, who move into the suburbs, and their vacant seats are left unoccupied. The Bishop of the city, Dr. Kennion, is highly spoken of. Here, as at home, and all over Australia, there are Christians of all sorts, nor are the members of the Salvation Army conspicuous by their absence. The dream of Christian unity seems in Australia as far off realization as at home. One Church parson with whom I have come in contact is a fine specimen of the muscular Christian. He is a canon of the Church, and is immensely popular as a preacher and a man. The following anecdote is characteristic: Once upon a time he was troubled at finding his stack of firewood rapidly diminishing. As it was not burnt in the house, he concluded it was taken off by a thief. To detect him was the proper thing, and the worthy canon sat for a night or two to wait for the enemy. Nor had he long to wait, as he appeared in the shape of a sailor. 'Now,' said the divine, 'we'll fight for it. If you beat me, I will let you off; if I beat you, I will give you in charge.' They did fight, and the sailor got such a licking as he never had before. 'Is the story true?' I said to the canon. He shook his head, and exclaimed, 'Ah, that's a sad

tale!’ Evidently in his heart he was proud of his pluck, and well he may be; many a one goes to hear him preach who would have kept away had he not been as ready with his fists as eloquent of tongue.

As I pass up King William Street, I see what is called the Royal Exchange. I enter, and behold an eager and excited mob. They are all men—most of them are smoking, in spite of an announcement to the effect that smoking is strictly forbidden. I point out the notice to one of the smokers, and he only smiles. What are they about? Buying and selling mining shares. This seems to be the leading industry of the place, and they buy and sell hereto the extent of £300,000 or £400,000 a year. A broker explains to me that it is a safe way of making money if you are not frightened, but keep your shares, and if you deal with a broker who has no shares of his own to sell. ‘If you do,’ adds my informant, ‘there is no telling what a mess you may be drawn into.’ I thank him, and leave him, regretting that I have no money to invest, as I am certain to win if I take his kindly and disinterested advice. In the evening I find the business still in full swing. It is eight o’clock, and the Exchange is shut up, but my friend the broker is still playing his little game. He has changed the venue, that is all. I pass through a long passage at the end of an hotel; I descend a few steps, and am in a large room. On one side my friend stands in a Lilliputian rostrum, with his hammer in his hand. ‘Now, gentlemen,’ he says, ‘now is your time—ten Junction Shares, buyer at eleven and three—seller at eleven and six—come on, gentlemen but the gentlemen don’t seem much inclined to come on. They are a sleepy lot—leaning or sitting all round the room. At length says one of the crowd, ‘I’ll take that,’ and the auctioneer’s hammer rings sharply on the desk. And thus the evening wears away, till the lot is gone through. No one is excited—no large fortunes are here lost or won. Everything is on a small scale, and it is to be hoped that the buyers know what they are about. The auctioneer, a little man with a diamond ring glittering on his finger, evidently does. As to mines, all Adelaide is interested in them. In almost every shop you see specimens of ore displayed of some kind or other, no matter what the business of the shop may be. But, oh! the loveliness of the night as I reascend the steps, and leave the little knot of speculators behind. The shops are closed. The streets are almost deserted. There are no crowds of loafers and larrikins as in Melbourne or Sydney. There is scarce a living being at the bars besides the keeper or his girl. The shadows of the trees fall on the broad pavement. On the other side the white houses glisten in the moonlight, for the moon pours out a silvery flood of glory, almost hiding the stars of the blue sky above. It must be some such night as this that suggested the idea to the man who first ventured to speak of Holy Adelaide. Even the hills far away seem to live anew as they revive the silence and the splendour of a long-forgotten past.

In general intelligence, according to an interesting report just published by the Inspector-General of Victorian Schools—in general intelligence, the children of the large towns in the three colonies are

very much alike. In New South Wales a higher standard is aimed at than in the other colonies. Victoria spends a considerable amount of money in establishing scholarships, so as to enable the most promising of State scholars to pass through the secondary schools; but in the senior colony Euclid, Algebra, and Latin or French form part of the ordinary course of instruction in the fifth class of the elementary public schools. The attempt is to do much—too much in too little time. In South Australia an opposite policy prevails. The teachers of the three colonies display on the whole equal industry and care. In the large city schools children over fourteen years of age show nearly equal proficiency in Victoria and South Australia in the ordinary subjects of primary instruction, and rather less in New South Wales. Children about thirteen are about equal in the three colonies. Children between eleven and twelve are the most proficient in South Australia, and the least in Victoria. If attainments in Algebra, Euclid, Latin, and French are taken into account, New South Wales has the best results to show. In New South Wales the teachers are paid a fixed salary. In Victoria the system of payment by results is wholly, in South Australia partially, adopted. Observations tend to show that the bad effect of payment by results is quite as conspicuous where the system prevails as where it does not.

In 1829 England was taking rather a rosy view of the unfortunate Swan River Settlement. It ended, as most of us know, in disastrous failure. But it was put before the public in an attractive form, or we should not find the great Dr. Arnold writing from Rugby to his friend the Rev. I. Tucker: 'If we are alive fifteen years hence I think I would go gladly to Swan River if they will make me schoolmaster there, and lay my bones in the land of kangaroos and opossums. My notion is that no missionizing is half so beneficial as to try to pour sound and healthy blood into a young civilized society, to make one colony, if possible, like the ancient colonies in New England—a living sucker from the mother country, bearing the same blossoms and the same fruits; not a reproduction of its vilest excrescences, its ignorance, while all the good qualities are left behind in the process. No words can tell the evil of such colonies as we have hitherto planted, where the best parts of the new society have been men too poor to carry with them or to gain much of the higher branches of knowledge, or else mere official functionaries from England, whose hearts and minds have been always half at home, and who have never identified themselves with the land in which they were working.' Arnold did well to remain where he was. In the Swan Colony immense blocks of land were freely granted to settlers, regardless of their means to profitably occupy such holdings. As a consequence, the farmers had no labourers to till the soil, and many of the large estates lay waste, or only supported a few head of cattle. It was in South Australia, if anywhere, an attempt was made to realize Dr. Arnold's ideal. It was started on the Wakefield system, which worked well for a time, and attracted the right men into the land. It was resolved that it should be free from the taint of felony, and it was resolved that it should have no State Church; and the spirit of the founders still permeates the land. At any rate, in

Adelaide I found better society than I did anywhere else.

Leaving Adelaide on my way home, I must speak of a few of the blots of Australian life. When Paul tells us he fought with beasts at Ephesus, we feel inclined to pity the unfortunate saint; but when people talk of mosquitoes that is quite another matter, and yet I know not whether it is worst to fight with beasts at Ephesus than to wrestle with mosquitoes all through the watches of the night, as I did at Melbourne. At Sydney I was told they would worry me to death, but there they left me unharmed. At Melbourne I was informed, on unexceptionable authority, that the mosquitoes would not annoy me at all, and it was with a light heart that I went to bed, little dreaming that I should rise a sadder and a wiser man on the morrow—a spectacle for gods and men—with all the blood sucked out of my body, and prematurely gray. I know that I am a sinner; I know that I have done the things which I ought not to have done, and left undone the things which I should have done; I know (as Shakespeare tells us) if we all had our deserts there would be none of us who would escape whipping; I have written, I own, a good deal of indifferent prose and poetry, have kept late hours, and have seen a good deal of the wicked world—a moderate amount of punishment I am prepared for. ‘What a man soweth that shall he also reap,’ is a law that runs through life, and for wise and salutary ends. But it was hard, nevertheless, to have to fight with such paltry, insignificant creatures as mosquitoes—mere stings on Lilliputian wings, too ridiculous to be considered as enemies—yet I own they kept me awake all one night, as they tortured me from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, and made me tremble and perspire as I heard them trumpeting previous to a general attack as I never had done before. I never felt so savage; I never saw my poor body so cut up with scars. I was to dine next day with one of the handsomest ladies in Melbourne, a fine specimen of an Irish beauty, to whom I was anxious to present myself in as respectable a plight as possible; but all was of no avail. Mercifully, however, the brutes so gorged themselves that I was enabled to take a righteous revenge; but it was an awful night, and I felt how David must have had them in his eye when he longed, in one of his grand psalms, for the wings of a dove, to fly away and be at rest.

Alas, alas! if we have the mosquitoes by night, there are also flies which are a real terror by day, especially in places of worship, where they seriously interfere alike with the inattentive or the attentive hearer. They don’t seem to interest themselves much in the preliminary part of the service—they are conspicuous by their absence in singing and chanting, and there is a good deal of both in Australia—but immediately the text is announced and you have settled yourself down in an attitude of repose the attack commences. At first you heed it not—it seems too ridiculous to be bothered by a fly. At last your blood boils, and you can stand it no longer. The tiny tormentor flies into your mouth, should it perchance be open, settles on the most sensitive part of your nose, assails your forehead, attacks your ears, and every other vulnerable point. You give a bang, but you have missed your mark; your enemy is

beyond your reach, only to return with fresh vigour to the attack. Not a moment does he leave you at rest; not a moment can you listen in peace and comfort; not a moment, while the sermon lasts, are you in a proper, Christian frame of mind. When I went to hear Dr. Strong, the great Australian heretic, the fly—for providentially, as a rule, it is only one fly that attacks you at a time—was especially active. That fly must have belonged to the ranks of the orthodox, and thought I deserved little mercy for once in my lifetime straying from the fold. At any rate, little mercy he showed to me. A minor nuisance is the Australian cricket, which commences to make an extraordinary row as the sun goes down. Another nuisance are the song-birds, as they call them. Sitting one day in the Sydney Botanical Gardens—very beautiful, but not so fine as those of Melbourne—I was startled as if all the grinding machinery in the colony had been put in motion to set my teeth on edge. ‘What’s that?’ I asked in alarm. ‘Only the birds singing,’ was the somewhat unsatisfactory reply.

An interesting table has been published which purports to give the Drink Bill of Australasia for 1887. The statement has been prepared by the Victorian Alliance, and although it is not easy to conjecture how some of the information has been obtained, it may at least be assumed from its authorship that the amount of the Bill has not been kept unreasonably low. Assuming it to be correct, we find that the several colonies spent £15,582,485 on their liquor in 1887, representing an outlay of £4 8s. 6d. for each man, woman, and child alive in that year. Western Australia spent more in proportion to her population than any of her sister colonies, her bill amounting to £6 10s. per head. Next comes Queensland at a respectable distance, with £5 9s. 4d. per head, closely followed by Victoria with £5 5s. New South Wales pays £4 10s. 3d., Tasmania, £3 6s. 7d., and New Zealand, £3 5s. South Australia modestly brings up the rear with an average payment per head of only £2 19s.

Sunday in Adelaide is the beau ideal of the Puritan Sabbath. The other Australian cities attempt something of the kind, but in Adelaide the thing has been achieved, and except for Christian workers in the pulpit or the Sunday-school the day is emphatically one of rest. Somehow or other the Sunday seems in keeping with the place. At no time does Adelaide strike you as a city of business. The air is too pure, the sky too lovely, the streets too clean. About lunch time there seems to be a little pressure in the streets, and a little business in the shops; at the club we are quite full at that sacred hour, and under the veranda in the tiny square behind, where we boast a couple of fern palms, a fountain, and one gold fish, the smokers congregate, while the click of the balls indicates the presence of company in the billiard-room adjoining. But to-day the only people about are the church-goers. I followed the crowd to the Stowe Memorial Church, in Flinders Street. The Rev. Thomas Quinton Stowe, who was born at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, must have had much to do with the building up of the Adelaide of to-day. The church of which he was the pastor was established at a meeting held in a

tent, provided by the Colonial Missionary Society, in December, 1837, with Mr. Stowe for its first pastor. The next building was a sanctuary of pine and reeds, erected in North Terrace. The church grew with the growth of the colony, and in 1840 removed to a large square building in Freeman Street. There Mr. Stowe remained till advancing age hinted retirement. In 1862 he died, leaving behind him the useful memory of a devoted life. No name is more connected with the religious history of the colony. He was trusted by all for his sincerity, honoured for his wisdom, respected for his talents, and beloved for his piety. The Church, wishing to commemorate his name, and being in need of a new and larger place of assembly, built the Stowe Memorial Church, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1865 by the Hon. Alexander Hay, and which was opened for public worship in 1867. It is a large and handsome building, erected in Flinders Street, where the Presbyterians and Baptists also have places of worship. It was a relief to turn into it, when I was there, out of the scorching sun. There is no gallery, but the area is very large, and the buildings in connection with the place are numerous, and ornamental as well as useful. They consist of a lecture-hall, a schoolroom, and attendant class-rooms. In 1876 the Rev. Wm. Roby Fletcher, of Richmond, Melbourne, accepted the call of the people and became pastor. It was at his handsome home, a little way out of town—surrounded by books and curios—that I supped after the evening service. His wife is an Australian lady. He is specially learned in Indian subjects, where he was sent by the Government to study its educational system, and from which he has not long returned. In Adelaide Mr. Fletcher occupies high rank.

One thing that may be said of him is that he is ready to utilise passing events. In the week there had been a tragedy in Adelaide of a very painful character. There had been a fire in a temperance coffee-palace, and of the guests a Mr. Taplin had been burnt to death. Mr. Taplin was a fine, stalwart man, of imposing presence, and well-known to the public as the head of the Point Macleay Mission to the Blacks, which was founded by his father, the Rev. G. Taplin. The father was one of the first arrivals in the colony, and meeting a black-fellow as he stepped ashore, he conceived the idea that with religious and industrial training something might be done with the aborigines. He lost no time or opportunity in giving practical effect to his convictions, and in due time he found himself superintendent of the Aboriginal Farm and Mission Station, where he toiled till his death in 1879, having in the meantime wrought a wonderful improvement in the condition of the blacks, and exhibited many proofs of the controverted point that the aborigines are capable of receiving and understanding a higher form of spiritual knowledge than that in which they were bred. The blacks loved him with their whole hearts, and admired him as a sort of demigod. One of them, when questioned by a carping critic as to the existence of a Deity, replied, ‘You know Massa Taplin, and then you no fear plenty believe’n God.’

The senior Mr. Taplin was not only a practical agriculturist, architect,

and jack-of-all-trades, as it were, but he was as well a man of much learning and piety. His acquaintance with the art of healing was only equalled by his deep knowledge of Australian philology. When the father died he was succeeded by his son William, who, though he dropped the title of reverend, followed in his father's steps. He was a Catholic Christian, excelling in preaching as much as in the physical exercises of the natives. He was recognised as public vaccinator of the district. In the harder manual work he kept abreast of the times, and only recently the Mission Committee undertook, under his direction, to carry out some much-needed irrigation work on the reserve. He had come to Adelaide to discuss with the committee the concerns of the mission, and he gave a lecture before the Australian Natives Association, on 'Our Aborigines: Their Manners and Customs; or, a Native Fifty Years Ago.' He overslept himself, and that necessitated another night in Adelaide; and then came the tragic end, all the more tragical as he was the only one of the guests who knew the way of escape, which leads to the supposition that he must have lost his own life in saving the lives of others. It was on his death that Mr. Fletcher based his discourse. It was listened to by a congregation attentive and highly respectable as regards appearance. As to the church itself: inside it is very spacious, and, not being disfigured by galleries, presents almost a cathedral-like appearance. In the evening I heard from afar the band of the Salvation Army. They are in Adelaide as everywhere else. I should have thought that the Army might have been more usefully employed elsewhere. 'You can't go far in Adelaide,' said a man in the street to me, 'without seeing a church. There are about four in every street.' Perhaps this explains the fact why Adelaide is called 'holy.' Alas! in England we often say, 'the nearer the church the further from God!'

GENOA AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Pictures from Italy*, by Charles Dickens

THE first impressions of such a place as ALBARO, the suburb of Genoa, where I am now, as my American friends would say, 'located,' can hardly fail, I should imagine, to be mournful and disappointing. It requires a little time and use to overcome the feeling of depression consequent, at first, on so much ruin and neglect. Novelty, pleasant to most people, is particularly delightful, I think, to me. I am not easily dispirited when I have the means of pursuing my own fancies and occupations; and I believe I have some natural aptitude for accommodating myself to circumstances. But, as yet, I stroll about here, in all the holes and corners of the neighbourhood, in a perpetual state of forlorn surprise; and returning to my villa: the Villa Bagnerello (it sounds romantic, but Signor Bagnerello is a butcher hard by): have sufficient occupation in

pondering over my new experiences, and comparing them, very much to my own amusement, with my expectations, until I wander out again.

The Villa Bagnerello: or the Pink Jail, a far more expressive name for the mansion: is in one of the most splendid situations imaginable. The noble bay of Genoa, with the deep blue Mediterranean, lies stretched out near at hand; monstrous old desolate houses and palaces are dotted all about; lofty hills, with their tops often hidden in the clouds, and with strong forts perched high up on their craggy sides, are close upon the left; and in front, stretching from the walls of the house, down to a ruined chapel which stands upon the bold and picturesque rocks on the sea-shore, are green vineyards, where you may wander all day long in partial shade, through interminable vistas of grapes, trained on a rough trellis-work across the narrow paths.

This sequestered spot is approached by lanes so very narrow, that when we arrived at the Custom-house, we found the people here had _taken the measure_ of the narrowest among them, and were waiting to apply it to the carriage; which ceremony was gravely performed in the street, while we all stood by in breathless suspense. It was found to be a very tight fit, but just a possibility, and no more—as I am reminded every day, by the sight of various large holes which it punched in the walls on either side as it came along. We are more fortunate, I am told, than an old lady, who took a house in these parts not long ago, and who stuck fast in _her_ carriage in a lane; and as it was impossible to open one of the doors, she was obliged to submit to the indignity of being hauled through one of the little front windows, like a harlequin.

When you have got through these narrow lanes, you come to an archway, imperfectly stopped up by a rusty old gate—my gate. The rusty old gate has a bell to correspond, which you ring as long as you like, and which nobody answers, as it has no connection whatever with the house. But there is a rusty old knocker, too—very loose, so that it slides round when you touch it—and if you learn the trick of it, and knock long enough, somebody comes. The brave Courier comes, and gives you admittance. You walk into a seedy little garden, all wild and weedy, from which the vineyard opens; cross it, enter a square hall like a cellar, walk up a cracked marble staircase, and pass into a most enormous room with a vaulted roof and whitewashed walls: not unlike a great Methodist chapel. This is the _sala_. It has five windows and five doors, and is decorated with pictures which would gladden the heart of one of those picture-cleaners in London who hang up, as a sign, a picture divided, like death and the lady, at the top of the old ballad: which always leaves you in a state of uncertainty whether the ingenious professor has cleaned one half, or dirtied the other. The furniture of this _sala_ is a sort of red brocade. All the chairs are immovable, and the sofa weighs several tons.

On the same floor, and opening out of this same chamber, are dining-room,

drawing-room, and divers bedrooms: each with a multiplicity of doors and windows. Up-stairs are divers other gaunt chambers, and a kitchen; and down-stairs is another kitchen, which, with all sorts of strange contrivances for burning charcoal, looks like an alchemical laboratory. There are also some half-dozen small sitting-rooms, where the servants in this hot July, may escape from the heat of the fire, and where the brave Courier plays all sorts of musical instruments of his own manufacture, all the evening long. A mighty old, wandering, ghostly, echoing, grim, bare house it is, as ever I beheld or thought of.

There is a little vine-covered terrace, opening from the drawing-room; and under this terrace, and forming one side of the little garden, is what used to be the stable. It is now a cow-house, and has three cows in it, so that we get new milk by the bucketful. There is no pasturage near, and they never go out, but are constantly lying down, and surfeiting themselves with vine-leaves—perfect Italian cows enjoying the *_dolce far' niente_* all day long. They are presided over, and slept with, by an old man named Antonio, and his son; two burnt-sienna natives with naked legs and feet, who wear, each, a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a red sash, with a relic, or some sacred charm like the bonbon off a twelfth-cake, hanging round the neck. The old man is very anxious to convert me to the Catholic faith, and exhorts me frequently. We sit upon a stone by the door, sometimes in the evening, like Robinson Crusoe and Friday reversed; and he generally relates, towards my conversion, an abridgment of the History of Saint Peter—chiefly, I believe, from the unspeakable delight he has in his imitation of the cock.

The view, as I have said, is charming; but in the day you must keep the lattice-blinds close shut, or the sun would drive you mad; and when the sun goes down you must shut up all the windows, or the mosquitoes would tempt you to commit suicide. So at this time of the year, you don't see much of the prospect within doors. As for the flies, you don't mind them. Nor the fleas, whose size is prodigious, and whose name is Legion, and who populate the coach-house to that extent that I daily expect to see the carriage going off bodily, drawn by myriads of industrious fleas in harness. The rats are kept away, quite comfortably, by scores of lean cats, who roam about the garden for that purpose. The lizards, of course, nobody cares for; they play in the sun, and don't bite. The little scorpions are merely curious. The beetles are rather late, and have not appeared yet. The frogs are company. There is a preserve of them in the grounds of the next villa; and after nightfall, one would think that scores upon scores of women in pattens were going up and down a wet stone pavement without a moment's cessation. That is exactly the noise they make.

The ruined chapel, on the picturesque and beautiful sea-shore, was dedicated, once upon a time, to Saint John the Baptist. I believe there is a legend that Saint John's bones were received there, with various solemnities, when they were first brought to Genoa; for Genoa possesses

them to this day. When there is any uncommon tempest at sea, they are brought out and exhibited to the raging weather, which they never fail to calm. In consequence of this connection of Saint John with the city, great numbers of the common people are christened Giovanni Baptista, which latter name is pronounced in the Genoese patois 'Batcheetcha,' like a sneeze. To hear everybody calling everybody else Batcheetcha, on a Sunday, or festa-day, when there are crowds in the streets, is not a little singular and amusing to a stranger.

The narrow lanes have great villas opening into them, whose walls (outside walls, I mean) are profusely painted with all sorts of subjects, grim and holy. But time and the sea-air have nearly obliterated them; and they look like the entrance to Vauxhall Gardens on a sunny day. The court-yards of these houses are overgrown with grass and weeds; all sorts of hideous patches cover the bases of the statues, as if they were afflicted with a cutaneous disorder; the outer gates are rusty; and the iron bars outside the lower windows are all tumbling down. Firewood is kept in halls where costly treasures might be heaped up, mountains high; waterfalls are dry and choked; fountains, too dull to play, and too lazy to work, have just enough recollection of their identity, in their sleep, to make the neighbourhood damp; and the sirocco wind is often blowing over all these things for days together, like a gigantic oven out for a holiday.

Not long ago, there was a festa-day, in honour of the _Virgin's mother_, when the young men of the neighbourhood, having worn green wreaths of the vine in some procession or other, bathed in them, by scores. It looked very odd and pretty. Though I am bound to confess (not knowing of the festa at that time), that I thought, and was quite satisfied, they wore them as horses do—to keep the flies off.

Soon afterwards, there was another festa-day, in honour of St. Nazaro. One of the Albaro young men brought two large bouquets soon after breakfast, and coming up-stairs into the great _sala_, presented them himself. This was a polite way of begging for a contribution towards the expenses of some music in the Saint's honour, so we gave him whatever it may have been, and his messenger departed: well satisfied. At six o'clock in the evening we went to the church—close at hand—a very gaudy place, hung all over with festoons and bright draperies, and filled, from the altar to the main door, with women, all seated. They wear no bonnets here, simply a long white veil—the 'mezzero;' and it was the most gauzy, ethereal-looking audience I ever saw. The young women are not generally pretty, but they walk remarkably well, and in their personal carriage and the management of their veils, display much innate grace and elegance. There were some men present: not very many: and a few of these were kneeling about the aisles, while everybody else tumbled over them. Innumerable tapers were burning in the church; the bits of silver and tin about the saints (especially in the Virgin's necklace) sparkled brilliantly; the priests were seated about the chief altar; the organ

played away, lustily, and a full band did the like; while a conductor, in a little gallery opposite to the band, hammered away on the desk before him, with a scroll; and a tenor, without any voice, sang. The band played one way, the organ played another, the singer went a third, and the unfortunate conductor banged and banged, and flourished his scroll on some principle of his own: apparently well satisfied with the whole performance. I never did hear such a discordant din. The heat was intense all the time.

The men, in red caps, and with loose coats hanging on their shoulders (they never put them on), were playing bowls, and buying sweetmeats, immediately outside the church. When half-a-dozen of them finished a game, they came into the aisle, crossed themselves with the holy water, knelt on one knee for an instant, and walked off again to play another game at bowls. They are remarkably expert at this diversion, and will play in the stony lanes and streets, and on the most uneven and disastrous ground for such a purpose, with as much nicety as on a billiard-table. But the most favourite game is the national one of Mora, which they pursue with surprising ardour, and at which they will stake everything they possess. It is a destructive kind of gambling, requiring no accessories but the ten fingers, which are always—I intend no pun—at hand. Two men play together. One calls a number—say the extreme one, ten. He marks what portion of it he pleases by throwing out three, or four, or five fingers; and his adversary has, in the same instant, at hazard, and without seeing his hand, to throw out as many fingers, as will make the exact balance. Their eyes and hands become so used to this, and act with such astonishing rapidity, that an uninitiated bystander would find it very difficult, if not impossible, to follow the progress of the game. The initiated, however, of whom there is always an eager group looking on, devour it with the most intense avidity; and as they are always ready to champion one side or the other in case of a dispute, and are frequently divided in their partisanship, it is often a very noisy proceeding. It is never the quietest game in the world; for the numbers are always called in a loud sharp voice, and follow as close upon each other as they can be counted. On a holiday evening, standing at a window, or walking in a garden, or passing through the streets, or sauntering in any quiet place about the town, you will hear this game in progress in a score of wine-shops at once; and looking over any vineyard walk, or turning almost any corner, will come upon a knot of players in full cry. It is observable that most men have a propensity to throw out some particular number oftener than another; and the vigilance with which two sharp-eyed players will mutually endeavour to detect this weakness, and adapt their game to it, is very curious and entertaining. The effect is greatly heightened by the universal suddenness and vehemence of gesture; two men playing for half a farthing with an intensity as all-absorbing as if the stake were life.

Hard by here is a large Palazzo, formerly belonging to some member of the Brignole family, but just now hired by a school of Jesuits for their

summer quarters. I walked into its dismantled precincts the other evening about sunset, and couldn't help pacing up and down for a little time, drowsily taking in the aspect of the place: which is repeated hereabouts in all directions.

I loitered to and fro, under a colonnade, forming two sides of a weedy, grass-grown court-yard, whereof the house formed a third side, and a low terrace-walk, overlooking the garden and the neighbouring hills, the fourth. I don't believe there was an uncracked stone in the whole pavement. In the centre was a melancholy statue, so piebald in its decay, that it looked exactly as if it had been covered with sticking-plaster, and afterwards powdered. The stables, coach-houses, offices, were all empty, all ruinous, all utterly deserted.

Doors had lost their hinges, and were holding on by their latches; windows were broken, painted plaster had peeled off, and was lying about in clods; fowls and cats had so taken possession of the out-buildings, that I couldn't help thinking of the fairy tales, and eyeing them with suspicion, as transformed retainers, waiting to be changed back again. One old Tom in particular: a scraggy brute, with a hungry green eye (a poor relation, in reality, I am inclined to think): came prowling round and round me, as if he half believed, for the moment, that I might be the hero come to marry the lady, and set all to-rights; but discovering his mistake, he suddenly gave a grim snarl, and walked away with such a tremendous tail, that he couldn't get into the little hole where he lived, but was obliged to wait outside, until his indignation and his tail had gone down together.

In a sort of summer-house, or whatever it may be, in this colonnade, some Englishmen had been living, like grubs in a nut; but the Jesuits had given them notice to go, and they had gone, and _that_ was shut up too. The house: a wandering, echoing, thundering barrack of a place, with the lower windows barred up, as usual, was wide open at the door: and I have no doubt I might have gone in, and gone to bed, and gone dead, and nobody a bit the wiser. Only one suite of rooms on an upper floor was tenanted; and from one of these, the voice of a young-lady vocalist, practising bravura lustily, came flaunting out upon the silent evening.

I went down into the garden, intended to be prim and quaint, with avenues, and terraces, and orange-trees, and statues, and water in stone basins; and everything was green, gaunt, weedy, straggling, under grown or over grown, mildewy, damp, redolent of all sorts of slabby, clammy, creeping, and uncomfortable life. There was nothing bright in the whole scene but a firefly—one solitary firefly—showing against the dark bushes like the last little speck of the departed Glory of the house; and even it went flitting up and down at sudden angles, and leaving a place with a jerk, and describing an irregular circle, and returning to the same place with a twitch that startled one: as if it were looking for the rest of the Glory, and wondering (Heaven knows it might!) what had become of it.

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In the course of two months, the flitting shapes and shadows of my dismal entering reverie gradually resolved themselves into familiar forms and substances; and I already began to think that when the time should come, a year hence, for closing the long holiday and turning back to England, I might part from Genoa with anything but a glad heart.

It is a place that 'grows upon you' every day. There seems to be always something to find out in it. There are the most extraordinary alleys and by-ways to walk about in. You can lose your way (what a comfort that is, when you are idle!) twenty times a day, if you like; and turn up again, under the most unexpected and surprising difficulties. It abounds in the strangest contrasts; things that are picturesque, ugly, mean, magnificent, delightful, and offensive, break upon the view at every turn.

They who would know how beautiful the country immediately surrounding Genoa is, should climb (in clear weather) to the top of Monte Faccio, or, at least, ride round the city walls: a feat more easily performed. No prospect can be more diversified and lovely than the changing views of the harbour, and the valleys of the two rivers, the Polcevera and the Bizagno, from the heights along which the strongly fortified walls are carried, like the great wall of China in little. In not the least picturesque part of this ride, there is a fair specimen of a real Genoese tavern, where the visitor may derive good entertainment from real Genoese dishes, such as Tagliarini; Ravioli; German sausages, strong of garlic, sliced and eaten with fresh green figs; cocks' combs and sheep-kidneys, chopped up with mutton chops and liver; small pieces of some unknown part of a calf, twisted into small shreds, fried, and served up in a great dish like white-bait; and other curiosities of that kind. They often get wine at these suburban Trattorie, from France and Spain and Portugal, which is brought over by small captains in little trading-vessels. They buy it at so much a bottle, without asking what it is, or caring to remember if anybody tells them, and usually divide it into two heaps; of which they label one Champagne, and the other Madeira. The various opposite flavours, qualities, countries, ages, and vintages that are comprised under these two general heads is quite extraordinary. The most limited range is probably from cool Gruel up to old Marsala, and down again to apple Tea.

The great majority of the streets are as narrow as any thoroughfare can well be, where people (even Italian people) are supposed to live and walk about; being mere lanes, with here and there a kind of well, or breathing-place. The houses are immensely high, painted in all sorts of colours, and are in every stage and state of damage, dirt, and lack of repair. They are commonly let off in floors, or flats, like the houses in the old town of Edinburgh, or many houses in Paris. There are few

street doors; the entrance halls are, for the most part, looked upon as public property; and any moderately enterprising scavenger might make a fine fortune by now and then clearing them out. As it is impossible for coaches to penetrate into these streets, there are sedan chairs, gilded and otherwise, for hire in divers places. A great many private chairs are also kept among the nobility and gentry; and at night these are trotted to and fro in all directions, preceded by bearers of great lanterns, made of linen stretched upon a frame. The sedans and lanterns are the legitimate successors of the long strings of patient and much-abused mules, that go jingling their little bells through these confined streets all day long. They follow them, as regularly as the stars the sun.

When shall I forget the Streets of Palaces: the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi! or how the former looked one summer day, when I first saw it underneath the brightest and most intensely blue of summer skies: which its narrow perspective of immense mansions, reduced to a tapering and most precious strip of brightness, looking down upon the heavy shade below! A brightness not too common, even in July and August, to be well esteemed: for, if the Truth must out, there were not eight blue skies in as many midsummer weeks, saving, sometimes, early in the morning; when, looking out to sea, the water and the firmament were one world of deep and brilliant blue. At other times, there were clouds and haze enough to make an Englishman grumble in his own climate.

The endless details of these rich Palaces: the walls of some of them, within, alive with masterpieces by Vandyke! The great, heavy, stone balconies, one above another, and tier over tier: with here and there, one larger than the rest, towering high up—a huge marble platform; the doorless vestibules, massively barred lower windows, immense public staircases, thick marble pillars, strong dungeon-like arches, and dreary, dreaming, echoing vaulted chambers: among which the eye wanders again, and again, and again, as every palace is succeeded by another—the terrace gardens between house and house, with green arches of the vine, and groves of orange-trees, and blushing oleander in full bloom, twenty, thirty, forty feet above the street—the painted halls, mouldering, and blotting, and rotting in the damp corners, and still shining out in beautiful colours and voluptuous designs, where the walls are dry—the faded figures on the outsides of the houses, holding wreaths, and crowns, and flying upward, and downward, and standing in niches, and here and there looking fainter and more feeble than elsewhere, by contrast with some fresh little Cupids, who on a more recently decorated portion of the front, are stretching out what seems to be the semblance of a blanket, but is, indeed, a sun-dial—the steep, steep, up-hill streets of small palaces (but very large palaces for all that), with marble terraces looking down into close by-ways—the magnificent and innumerable Churches; and the rapid passage from a street of stately edifices, into a maze of the vilest squalor, steaming with unwholesome stench, and swarming with half-naked children and whole worlds of dirty people—make up, altogether,

such a scene of wonder: so lively, and yet so dead: so noisy, and yet so quiet: so obtrusive, and yet so shy and lowering: so wide awake, and yet so fast asleep: that it is a sort of intoxication to a stranger to walk on, and on, and on, and look about him. A bewildering phantasmagoria, with all the inconsistency of a dream, and all the pain and all the pleasure of an extravagant reality!

The different uses to which some of these Palaces are applied, all at once, is characteristic. For instance, the English Banker (my excellent and hospitable friend) has his office in a good-sized Palazzo in the Strada Nuova. In the hall (every inch of which is elaborately painted, but which is as dirty as a police-station in London), a hook-nosed Saracen's Head with an immense quantity of black hair (there is a man attached to it) sells walking-sticks. On the other side of the doorway, a lady with a showy handkerchief for head-dress (wife to the Saracen's Head, I believe) sells articles of her own knitting; and sometimes flowers. A little further in, two or three blind men occasionally beg. Sometimes, they are visited by a man without legs, on a little go-cart, but who has such a fresh-coloured, lively face, and such a respectable, well-conditioned body, that he looks as if he had sunk into the ground up to his middle, or had come, but partially, up a flight of cellar-steps to speak to somebody. A little further in, a few men, perhaps, lie asleep in the middle of the day; or they may be chairmen waiting for their absent freight. If so, they have brought their chairs in with them, and there they stand also. On the left of the hall is a little room: a hatter's shop. On the first floor, is the English bank. On the first floor also, is a whole house, and a good large residence too. Heaven knows what there may be above that; but when you are there, you have only just begun to go up-stairs. And yet, coming down-stairs again, thinking of this; and passing out at a great crazy door in the back of the hall, instead of turning the other way, to get into the street again; it bangs behind you, making the dimmest and most lonesome echoes, and you stand in a yard (the yard of the same house) which seems to have been unvisited by human foot, for a hundred years. Not a sound disturbs its repose. Not a head, thrust out of any of the grim, dark, jealous windows, within sight, makes the weeds in the cracked pavement faint of heart, by suggesting the possibility of there being hands to grub them up. Opposite to you, is a giant figure carved in stone, reclining, with an urn, upon a lofty piece of artificial rockwork; and out of the urn, dangles the fag end of a leaden pipe, which, once upon a time, poured a small torrent down the rocks. But the eye-sockets of the giant are not drier than this channel is now. He seems to have given his urn, which is nearly upside down, a final tilt; and after crying, like a sepulchral child, 'All gone!' to have lapsed into a stony silence.

In the streets of shops, the houses are much smaller, but of great size notwithstanding, and extremely high. They are very dirty: quite undrained, if my nose be at all reliable: and emit a peculiar fragrance, like the smell of very bad cheese, kept in very hot blankets.

Notwithstanding the height of the houses, there would seem to have been a lack of room in the City, for new houses are thrust in everywhere.

Wherever it has been possible to cram a tumble-down tenement into a crack or corner, in it has gone. If there be a nook or angle in the wall of a church, or a crevice in any other dead wall, of any sort, there you are sure to find some kind of habitation: looking as if it had grown there, like a fungus. Against the Government House, against the old Senate House, round about any large building, little shops stick so close, like parasite vermin to the great carcase. And for all this, look where you may: up steps, down steps, anywhere, everywhere: there are irregular houses, receding, starting forward, tumbling down, leaning against their neighbours, crippling themselves or their friends by some means or other, until one, more irregular than the rest, chokes up the way, and you can't see any further.

One of the rottenest-looking parts of the town, I think, is down by the landing-wharf: though it may be, that its being associated with a great deal of rottenness on the evening of our arrival, has stamped it deeper in my mind. Here, again, the houses are very high, and are of an infinite variety of deformed shapes, and have (as most of the houses have) something hanging out of a great many windows, and wafting its frowsy fragrance on the breeze. Sometimes, it is a curtain; sometimes, it is a carpet; sometimes, it is a bed; sometimes, a whole line-full of clothes; but there is almost always something. Before the basement of these houses, is an arcade over the pavement: very massive, dark, and low, like an old crypt. The stone, or plaster, of which it is made, has turned quite black; and against every one of these black piles, all sorts of filth and garbage seem to accumulate spontaneously. Beneath some of the arches, the sellers of macaroni and polenta establish their stalls, which are by no means inviting. The offal of a fish-market, near at hand—that is to say, of a back lane, where people sit upon the ground and on various old bulk-heads and sheds, and sell fish when they have any to dispose of—and of a vegetable market, constructed on the same principle—are contributed to the decoration of this quarter; and as all the mercantile business is transacted here, and it is crowded all day, it has a very decided flavour about it. The Porto Franco, or Free Port (where goods brought in from foreign countries pay no duty until they are sold and taken out, as in a bonded warehouse in England), is down here also; and two portentous officials, in cocked hats, stand at the gate to search you if they choose, and to keep out Monks and Ladies. For, Sanctity as well as Beauty has been known to yield to the temptation of smuggling, and in the same way: that is to say, by concealing the smuggled property beneath the loose folds of its dress. So Sanctity and Beauty may, by no means, enter.

The streets of Genoa would be all the better for the importation of a few Priests of prepossessing appearance. Every fourth or fifth man in the streets is a Priest or a Monk; and there is pretty sure to be at least one itinerant ecclesiastic inside or outside every hackney carriage on

the neighbouring roads. I have no knowledge, elsewhere, of more repulsive countenances than are to be found among these gentry. If Nature's handwriting be at all legible, greater varieties of sloth, deceit, and intellectual torpor, could hardly be observed among any class of men in the world.

MR. PEPYS once heard a clergyman assert in his sermon, in illustration of his respect for the Priestly office, that if he could meet a Priest and angel together, he would salute the Priest first. I am rather of the opinion of PETRARCH, who, when his pupil BOCCACCIO wrote to him in great tribulation, that he had been visited and admonished for his writings by a Carthusian Friar who claimed to be a messenger immediately commissioned by Heaven for that purpose, replied, that for his own part, he would take the liberty of testing the reality of the commission by personal observation of the Messenger's face, eyes, forehead, behaviour, and discourse. I cannot but believe myself, from similar observation, that many unaccredited celestial messengers may be seen skulking through the streets of Genoa, or droning away their lives in other Italian towns.

Perhaps the Cappuccini, though not a learned body, are, as an order, the best friends of the people. They seem to mingle with them more immediately, as their counsellors and comforters; and to go among them more, when they are sick; and to pry less than some other orders, into the secrets of families, for the purpose of establishing a baleful ascendancy over their weaker members; and to be influenced by a less fierce desire to make converts, and once made, to let them go to ruin, soul and body. They may be seen, in their coarse dress, in all parts of the town at all times, and begging in the markets early in the morning. The Jesuits too, muster strong in the streets, and go slinking noiselessly about, in pairs, like black cats.

In some of the narrow passages, distinct trades congregate. There is a street of jewellers, and there is a row of booksellers; but even down in places where nobody ever can, or ever could, penetrate in a carriage, there are mighty old palaces shut in among the gloomiest and closest walls, and almost shut out from the sun. Very few of the tradesmen have any idea of setting forth their goods, or disposing them for show. If you, a stranger, want to buy anything, you usually look round the shop till you see it; then clutch it, if it be within reach, and inquire how much. Everything is sold at the most unlikely place. If you want coffee, you go to a sweetmeat shop; and if you want meat, you will probably find it behind an old checked curtain, down half-a-dozen steps, in some sequestered nook as hard to find as if the commodity were poison, and Genoa's law were death to any that uttered it.

Most of the apothecaries' shops are great lounging-places. Here, grave men with sticks, sit down in the shade for hours together, passing a meagre Genoa paper from hand to hand, and talking, drowsily and sparingly, about the News. Two or three of these are poor physicians,

ready to proclaim themselves on an emergency, and tear off with any messenger who may arrive. You may know them by the way in which they stretch their necks to listen, when you enter; and by the sigh with which they fall back again into their dull corners, on finding that you only want medicine. Few people lounge in the barbers' shops; though they are very numerous, as hardly any man shaves himself. But the apothecary's has its group of loungers, who sit back among the bottles, with their hands folded over the tops of their sticks. So still and quiet, that either you don't see them in the darkened shop, or mistake them—as I did one ghostly man in bottle-green, one day, with a hat like a stopper—for Horse Medicine.

* * * * *

On a summer evening the Genoese are as fond of putting themselves, as their ancestors were of putting houses, in every available inch of space in and about the town. In all the lanes and alleys, and up every little ascent, and on every dwarf wall, and on every flight of steps, they cluster like bees. Meanwhile (and especially on festa-days) the bells of the churches ring incessantly; not in peals, or any known form of sound, but in a horrible, irregular, jerking, dingle, dingle, dingle: with a sudden stop at every fifteenth dingle or so, which is maddening. This performance is usually achieved by a boy up in the steeple, who takes hold of the clapper, or a little rope attached to it, and tries to dingle louder than every other boy similarly employed. The noise is supposed to be particularly obnoxious to Evil Spirits; but looking up into the steeples, and seeing (and hearing) these young Christians thus engaged, one might very naturally mistake them for the Enemy.

Festa-days, early in the autumn, are very numerous. All the shops were shut up, twice within a week, for these holidays; and one night, all the houses in the neighbourhood of a particular church were illuminated, while the church itself was lighted, outside, with torches; and a grove of blazing links was erected, in an open space outside one of the city gates. This part of the ceremony is prettier and more singular a little way in the country, where you can trace the illuminated cottages all the way up a steep hill-side; and where you pass festoons of tapers, wasting away in the starlight night, before some lonely little house upon the road.

On these days, they always dress the church of the saint in whose honour the festa is holden, very gaily. Gold-embroidered festoons of different colours, hang from the arches; the altar furniture is set forth; and sometimes, even the lofty pillars are swathed from top to bottom in tight-fitting draperies. The cathedral is dedicated to St. Lorenzo. On St. Lorenzo's day, we went into it, just as the sun was setting. Although these decorations are usually in very indifferent taste, the effect, just then, was very superb indeed. For the whole building was dressed in red; and the sinking sun, streaming in, through a great red

curtain in the chief doorway, made all the gorgeousness its own. When the sun went down, and it gradually grew quite dark inside, except for a few twinkling tapers on the principal altar, and some small dangling silver lamps, it was very mysterious and effective. But, sitting in any of the churches towards evening, is like a mild dose of opium.

[Picture: Italian Romance]

With the money collected at a festa, they usually pay for the dressing of the church, and for the hiring of the band, and for the tapers. If there be any left (which seldom happens, I believe), the souls in Purgatory get the benefit of it. They are also supposed to have the benefit of the exertions of certain small boys, who shake money-boxes before some mysterious little buildings like rural turnpikes, which (usually shut up close) fly open on Red-letter days, and disclose an image and some flowers inside.

Just without the city gate, on the Albara road, is a small house, with an altar in it, and a stationary money-box: also for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory. Still further to stimulate the charitable, there is a monstrous painting on the plaster, on either side of the grated door, representing a select party of souls, frying. One of them has a grey moustache, and an elaborate head of grey hair: as if he had been taken out of a hairdresser's window and cast into the furnace. There he is: a most grotesque and hideously comic old soul: for ever blistering in the real sun, and melting in the mimic fire, for the gratification and improvement (and the contributions) of the poor Genoese.

They are not a very joyous people, and are seldom seen to dance on their holidays: the staple places of entertainment among the women, being the churches and the public walks. They are very good-tempered, obliging, and industrious. Industry has not made them clean, for their habitations are extremely filthy, and their usual occupation on a fine Sunday morning, is to sit at their doors, hunting in each other's heads. But their dwellings are so close and confined that if those parts of the city had been beaten down by Massena in the time of the terrible Blockade, it would have at least occasioned one public benefit among many misfortunes.

The Peasant Women, with naked feet and legs, are so constantly washing clothes, in the public tanks, and in every stream and ditch, that one cannot help wondering, in the midst of all this dirt, who wears them when they are clean. The custom is to lay the wet linen which is being operated upon, on a smooth stone, and hammer away at it, with a flat wooden mallet. This they do, as furiously as if they were revenging themselves on dress in general for being connected with the Fall of Mankind.

It is not unusual to see, lying on the edge of the tank at these times, or on another flat stone, an unfortunate baby, tightly swathed up, arms

and legs and all, in an enormous quantity of wrapper, so that it is unable to move a toe or finger. This custom (which we often see represented in old pictures) is universal among the common people. A child is left anywhere without the possibility of crawling away, or is accidentally knocked off a shelf, or tumbled out of bed, or is hung up to a hook now and then, and left dangling like a doll at an English rag-shop, without the least inconvenience to anybody.

I was sitting, one Sunday, soon after my arrival, in the little country church of San Martino, a couple of miles from the city, while a baptism took place. I saw the priest, and an attendant with a large taper, and a man, and a woman, and some others; but I had no more idea, until the ceremony was all over, that it was a baptism, or that the curious little stiff instrument, that was passed from one to another, in the course of the ceremony, by the handle—like a short poker—was a child, than I had that it was my own christening. I borrowed the child afterwards, for a minute or two (it was lying across the font then), and found it very red in the face but perfectly quiet, and not to be bent on any terms. The number of cripples in the streets, soon ceased to surprise me.

There are plenty of Saints' and Virgin's Shrines, of course; generally at the corners of streets. The favourite memento to the Faithful, about Genoa, is a painting, representing a peasant on his knees, with a spade and some other agricultural implements beside him; and the Madonna, with the Infant Saviour in her arms, appearing to him in a cloud. This is the legend of the Madonna della Guardia: a chapel on a mountain within a few miles, which is in high repute. It seems that this peasant lived all alone by himself, tilling some land atop of the mountain, where, being a devout man, he daily said his prayers to the Virgin in the open air; for his hut was a very poor one. Upon a certain day, the Virgin appeared to him, as in the picture, and said, 'Why do you pray in the open air, and without a priest?' The peasant explained because there was neither priest nor church at hand—a very uncommon complaint indeed in Italy. 'I should wish, then,' said the Celestial Visitor, 'to have a chapel built here, in which the prayers of the Faithful may be offered up.' 'But, Santissima Madonna,' said the peasant, 'I am a poor man; and chapels cannot be built without money. They must be supported, too, Santissima; for to have a chapel and not support it liberally, is a wickedness—a deadly sin.' This sentiment gave great satisfaction to the visitor. 'Go!' said she. 'There is such a village in the valley on the left, and such another village in the valley on the right, and such another village elsewhere, that will gladly contribute to the building of a chapel. Go to them! Relate what you have seen; and do not doubt that sufficient money will be forthcoming to erect my chapel, or that it will, afterwards, be handsomely maintained.' All of which (miraculously) turned out to be quite true. And in proof of this prediction and revelation, there is the chapel of the Madonna della Guardia, rich and flourishing at this day.

The splendour and variety of the Genoese churches, can hardly be exaggerated. The church of the Annunciata especially: built, like many of the others, at the cost of one noble family, and now in slow progress of repair: from the outer door to the utmost height of the high cupola, is so elaborately painted and set in gold, that it looks (as SIMOND describes it, in his charming book on Italy) like a great enamelled snuff-box. Most of the richer churches contain some beautiful pictures, or other embellishments of great price, almost universally set, side by side, with sprawling effigies of maudlin monks, and the veriest trash and tinsel ever seen.

It may be a consequence of the frequent direction of the popular mind, and pocket, to the souls in Purgatory, but there is very little tenderness for the _bodies_ of the dead here. For the very poor, there are, immediately outside one angle of the walls, and behind a jutting point of the fortification, near the sea, certain common pits—one for every day in the year—which all remain closed up, until the turn of each comes for its daily reception of dead bodies. Among the troops in the town, there are usually some Swiss: more or less. When any of these die, they are buried out of a fund maintained by such of their countrymen as are resident in Genoa. Their providing coffins for these men is matter of great astonishment to the authorities.

Certainly, the effect of this promiscuous and indecent splashing down of dead people in so many wells, is bad. It surrounds Death with revolting associations, that insensibly become connected with those whom Death is approaching. Indifference and avoidance are the natural result; and all the softening influences of the great sorrow are harshly disturbed.

There is a ceremony when an old Cavalière or the like, expires, of erecting a pile of benches in the cathedral, to represent his bier; covering them over with a pall of black velvet; putting his hat and sword on the top; making a little square of seats about the whole; and sending out formal invitations to his friends and acquaintances to come and sit there, and hear Mass: which is performed at the principal Altar, decorated with an infinity of candles for that purpose.

When the better kind of people die, or are at the point of death, their nearest relations generally walk off: retiring into the country for a little change, and leaving the body to be disposed of, without any superintendence from them. The procession is usually formed, and the coffin borne, and the funeral conducted, by a body of persons called a Confraternita, who, as a kind of voluntary penance, undertake to perform these offices, in regular rotation, for the dead; but who, mingling something of pride with their humility, are dressed in a loose garment covering their whole person, and wear a hood concealing the face; with breathing-holes and apertures for the eyes. The effect of this costume is very ghastly: especially in the case of a certain Blue Confraternita belonging to Genoa, who, to say the least of them, are very ugly

customers, and who look—suddenly encountered in their pious ministration in the streets—as if they were Ghoules or Demons, bearing off the body for themselves.

Although such a custom may be liable to the abuse attendant on many Italian customs, of being recognised as a means of establishing a current account with Heaven, on which to draw, too easily, for future bad actions, or as an expiation for past misdeeds, it must be admitted to be a good one, and a practical one, and one involving unquestionably good works. A voluntary service like this, is surely better than the imposed penance (not at all an infrequent one) of giving so many licks to such and such a stone in the pavement of the cathedral; or than a vow to the Madonna to wear nothing but blue for a year or two. This is supposed to give great delight above; blue being (as is well known) the Madonna's favourite colour. Women who have devoted themselves to this act of Faith, are very commonly seen walking in the streets.

There are three theatres in the city, besides an old one now rarely opened. The most important—the Carlo Felice: the opera-house of Genoa—is a very splendid, commodious, and beautiful theatre. A company of comedians were acting there, when we arrived: and soon after their departure, a second-rate opera company came. The great season is not until the carnival time—in the spring. Nothing impressed me, so much, in my visits here (which were pretty numerous) as the uncommonly hard and cruel character of the audience, who resent the slightest defect, take nothing good-humouredly, seem to be always lying in wait for an opportunity to hiss, and spare the actresses as little as the actors.

But, as there is nothing else of a public nature at which they are allowed to express the least disapprobation, perhaps they are resolved to make the most of this opportunity.

There are a great number of Piedmontese officers too, who are allowed the privilege of kicking their heels in the pit, for next to nothing: gratuitous, or cheap accommodation for these gentlemen being insisted on, by the Governor, in all public or semi-public entertainments. They are lofty critics in consequence, and infinitely more exacting than if they made the unhappy manager's fortune.

The TEATRO DIURNO, or Day Theatre, is a covered stage in the open air, where the performances take place by daylight, in the cool of the afternoon; commencing at four or five o'clock, and lasting, some three hours. It is curious, sitting among the audience, to have a fine view of the neighbouring hills and houses, and to see the neighbours at their windows looking on, and to hear the bells of the churches and convents ringing at most complete cross-purposes with the scene. Beyond this, and the novelty of seeing a play in the fresh pleasant air, with the darkening evening closing in, there is nothing very exciting or characteristic in the performances. The actors are indifferent; and

though they sometimes represent one of Goldoni's comedies, the staple of the Drama is French. Anything like nationality is dangerous to despotic governments, and Jesuit-beleaguered kings.

The Theatre of Puppets, or Marionetti—a famous company from Milan—is, without any exception, the drollest exhibition I ever beheld in my life. I never saw anything so exquisitely ridiculous. They look between four and five feet high, but are really much smaller; for when a musician in the orchestra happens to put his hat on the stage, it becomes alarmingly gigantic, and almost blots out an actor. They usually play a comedy, and a ballet. The comic man in the comedy I saw one summer night, is a waiter in an hotel. There never was such a locomotive actor, since the world began. Great pains are taken with him. He has extra joints in his legs: and a practical eye, with which he winks at the pit, in a manner that is absolutely insupportable to a stranger, but which the initiated audience, mainly composed of the common people, receive (so they do everything else) quite as a matter of course, and as if he were a man. His spirits are prodigious. He continually shakes his legs, and winks his eye. And there is a heavy father with grey hair, who sits down on the regular conventional stage-bank, and blesses his daughter in the regular conventional way, who is tremendous. No one would suppose it possible that anything short of a real man could be so tedious. It is the triumph of art.

In the ballet, an Enchanter runs away with the Bride, in the very hour of her nuptials, He brings her to his cave, and tries to soothe her. They sit down on a sofa (the regular sofa! in the regular place, O. P. Second Entrance!) and a procession of musicians enters; one creature playing a drum, and knocking himself off his legs at every blow. These failing to delight her, dancers appear. Four first; then two; the two; the flesh-coloured two. The way in which they dance; the height to which they spring; the impossible and inhuman extent to which they pirouette; the revelation of their preposterous legs; the coming down with a pause, on the very tips of their toes, when the music requires it; the gentleman's retiring up, when it is the lady's turn; and the lady's retiring up, when it is the gentleman's turn; the final passion of a pas-de-deux; and the going off with a bound!—I shall never see a real ballet, with a composed countenance again.

I went, another night, to see these Puppets act a play called 'St. Helena, or the Death of Napoleon.' It began by the disclosure of Napoleon, with an immense head, seated on a sofa in his chamber at St. Helena; to whom his valet entered with this obscure announcement:

'Sir Yew ud se on Low?' (the ow, as in cow).

Sir Hudson (that you could have seen his regimentals!) was a perfect mammoth of a man, to Napoleon; hideously ugly, with a monstrously disproportionate face, and a great clump for the lower-jaw, to express

his tyrannical and obdurate nature. He began his system of persecution, by calling his prisoner 'General Buonaparte;' to which the latter replied, with the deepest tragedy, 'Sir Yew ud se on Low, call me not thus. Repeat that phrase and leave me! I am Napoleon, Emperor of France!' Sir Yew ud se on, nothing daunted, proceeded to entertain him with an ordinance of the British Government, regulating the state he should preserve, and the furniture of his rooms: and limiting his attendants to four or five persons. 'Four or five for _me_!' said Napoleon. 'Me! One hundred thousand men were lately at my sole command; and this English officer talks of four or five for _me_!' Throughout the piece, Napoleon (who talked very like the real Napoleon, and was, for ever, having small soliloquies by himself) was very bitter on 'these English officers,' and 'these English soldiers;' to the great satisfaction of the audience, who were perfectly delighted to have Low bullied; and who, whenever Low said 'General Buonaparte' (which he always did: always receiving the same correction), quite execrated him. It would be hard to say why; for Italians have little cause to sympathise with Napoleon, Heaven knows.

There was no plot at all, except that a French officer, disguised as an Englishman, came to propound a plan of escape; and being discovered, but not before Napoleon had magnanimously refused to steal his freedom, was immediately ordered off by Low to be hanged. In two very long speeches, which Low made memorable, by winding up with 'Yas!'—to show that he was English—which brought down thunders of applause. Napoleon was so affected by this catastrophe, that he fainted away on the spot, and was carried out by two other puppets. Judging from what followed, it would appear that he never recovered the shock; for the next act showed him, in a clean shirt, in his bed (curtains crimson and white), where a lady, prematurely dressed in mourning, brought two little children, who kneeled down by the bedside, while he made a decent end; the last word on his lips being 'Vatterlo.'

It was unspeakably ludicrous. Buonaparte's boots were so wonderfully beyond control, and did such marvellous things of their own accord: doubling themselves up, and getting under tables, and dangling in the air, and sometimes skating away with him, out of all human knowledge, when he was in full speech—mischances which were not rendered the less absurd, by a settled melancholy depicted in his face. To put an end to one conference with Low, he had to go to a table, and read a book: when it was the finest spectacle I ever beheld, to see his body bending over the volume, like a boot-jack, and his sentimental eyes glaring obstinately into the pit. He was prodigiously good, in bed, with an immense collar to his shirt, and his little hands outside the coverlet. So was Dr. Antommarchi, represented by a puppet with long lank hair, like Mawworm's, who, in consequence of some derangement of his wires, hovered about the couch like a vulture, and gave medical opinions in the air. He was almost as good as Low, though the latter was great at all times—a decided brute and villain, beyond all possibility of mistake. Low was

especially fine at the last, when, hearing the doctor and the valet say, 'The Emperor is dead!' he pulled out his watch, and wound up the piece (not the watch) by exclaiming, with characteristic brutality, 'Ha! ha! Eleven minutes to six! The General dead! and the spy hanged!' This brought the curtain down, triumphantly.

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There is not in Italy, they say (and I believe them), a lovelier residence than the Palazzo Peschiere, or Palace of the Fishponds, whither we removed as soon as our three months' tenancy of the Pink Jail at Albaro had ceased and determined.

It stands on a height within the walls of Genoa, but aloof from the town: surrounded by beautiful gardens of its own, adorned with statues, vases, fountains, marble basins, terraces, walks of orange-trees and lemon-trees, groves of roses and camellias. All its apartments are beautiful in their proportions and decorations; but the great hall, some fifty feet in height, with three large windows at the end, overlooking the whole town of Genoa, the harbour, and the neighbouring sea, affords one of the most fascinating and delightful prospects in the world. Any house more cheerful and habitable than the great rooms are, within, it would be difficult to conceive; and certainly nothing more delicious than the scene without, in sunshine or in moonlight, could be imagined. It is more like an enchanted place in an Eastern story than a grave and sober lodging.

How you may wander on, from room to room, and never tire of the wild fancies on the walls and ceilings, as bright in their fresh colouring as if they had been painted yesterday; or how one floor, or even the great hall which opens on eight other rooms, is a spacious promenade; or how there are corridors and bed-chambers above, which we never use and rarely visit, and scarcely know the way through; or how there is a view of a perfectly different character on each of the four sides of the building; matters little. But that prospect from the hall is like a vision to me. I go back to it, in fancy, as I have done in calm reality a hundred times a day; and stand there, looking out, with the sweet scents from the garden rising up about me, in a perfect dream of happiness.

There lies all Genoa, in beautiful confusion, with its many churches, monasteries, and convents, pointing up into the sunny sky; and down below me, just where the roofs begin, a solitary convent parapet, fashioned like a gallery, with an iron across at the end, where sometimes early in the morning, I have seen a little group of dark-veiled nuns gliding sorrowfully to and fro, and stopping now and then to peep down upon the waking world in which they have no part. Old Monte Faccio, brightest of hills in good weather, but sulkiest when storms are coming on, is here, upon the left. The Fort within the walls (the good King built it to command the town, and beat the houses of the Genoese about their ears, in

case they should be discontented) commands that height upon the right. The broad sea lies beyond, in front there; and that line of coast, beginning by the light-house, and tapering away, a mere speck in the rosy distance, is the beautiful coast road that leads to Nice. The garden near at hand, among the roofs and houses: all red with roses and fresh with little fountains: is the Acqua Sola—a public promenade, where the military band plays gaily, and the white veils cluster thick, and the Genoese nobility ride round, and round, and round, in state-clothes and coaches at least, if not in absolute wisdom. Within a stone's-throw, as it seems, the audience of the Day Theatre sit: their faces turned this way. But as the stage is hidden, it is very odd, without a knowledge of the cause, to see their faces changed so suddenly from earnestness to laughter; and odder still, to hear the rounds upon rounds of applause, rattling in the evening air, to which the curtain falls. But, being Sunday night, they act their best and most attractive play. And now, the sun is going down, in such magnificent array of red, and green, and golden light, as neither pen nor pencil could depict; and to the ringing of the vesper bells, darkness sets in at once, without a twilight. Then, lights begin to shine in Genoa, and on the country road; and the revolving lantern out at sea there, flashing, for an instant, on this palace front and portico, illuminates it as if there were a bright moon bursting from behind a cloud; then, merges it in deep obscurity. And this, so far as I know, is the only reason why the Genoese avoid it after dark, and think it haunted.

My memory will haunt it, many nights, in time to come; but nothing worse, I will engage. The same Ghost will occasionally sail away, as I did one pleasant autumn evening, into the bright prospect, and sniff the morning air at Marseilles.

The corpulent hairdresser was still sitting in his slippers outside his shop-door there, but the twirling ladies in the window, with the natural inconstancy of their sex, had ceased to twirl, and were languishing, stock still, with their beautiful faces addressed to blind corners of the establishment, where it was impossible for admirers to penetrate.

The steamer had come from Genoa in a delicious run of eighteen hours, and we were going to run back again by the Cornice road from Nice: not being satisfied to have seen only the outsides of the beautiful towns that rise in picturesque white clusters from among the olive woods, and rocks, and hills, upon the margin of the Sea.

The Boat which started for Nice that night, at eight o'clock, was very small, and so crowded with goods that there was scarcely room to move; neither was there anything to eat on board, except bread; nor to drink, except coffee. But being due at Nice at about eight or so in the morning, this was of no consequence; so when we began to wink at the bright stars, in involuntary acknowledgment of their winking at us, we turned into our berths, in a crowded, but cool little cabin, and slept

soundly till morning.

The Boat, being as dull and dogged a little boat as ever was built, it was within an hour of noon when we turned into Nice Harbour, where we very little expected anything but breakfast. But we were laden with wool. Wool must not remain in the Custom-house at Marseilles more than twelve months at a stretch, without paying duty. It is the custom to make fictitious removals of unsold wool to evade this law; to take it somewhere when the twelve months are nearly out; bring it straight back again; and warehouse it, as a new cargo, for nearly twelve months longer. This wool of ours, had come originally from some place in the East. It was recognised as Eastern produce, the moment we entered the harbour. Accordingly, the gay little Sunday boats, full of holiday people, which had come off to greet us, were warned away by the authorities; we were declared in quarantine; and a great flag was solemnly run up to the mast-head on the wharf, to make it known to all the town.

It was a very hot day indeed. We were unshaved, unwashed, undressed, unfed, and could hardly enjoy the absurdity of lying blistering in a lazy harbour, with the town looking on from a respectful distance, all manner of whiskered men in cocked hats discussing our fate at a remote guard-house, with gestures (we looked very hard at them through telescopes) expressive of a week's detention at least: and nothing whatever the matter all the time. But even in this crisis the brave Courier achieved a triumph. He telegraphed somebody (I saw nobody) either naturally connected with the hotel, or put en rapport with the establishment for that occasion only. The telegraph was answered, and in half an hour or less, there came a loud shout from the guard-house. The captain was wanted. Everybody helped the captain into his boat. Everybody got his luggage, and said we were going. The captain rowed away, and disappeared behind a little jutting corner of the Galley-slaves' Prison: and presently came back with something, very sulkily. The brave Courier met him at the side, and received the something as its rightful owner. It was a wicker basket, folded in a linen cloth; and in it were two great bottles of wine, a roast fowl, some salt fish chopped with garlic, a great loaf of bread, a dozen or so of peaches, and a few other trifles. When we had selected our own breakfast, the brave Courier invited a chosen party to partake of these refreshments, and assured them that they need not be deterred by motives of delicacy, as he would order a second basket to be furnished at their expense. Which he did—no one knew how—and by-and-by, the captain being again summoned, again sulkily returned with another something; over which my popular attendant presided as before: carving with a clasp-knife, his own personal property, something smaller than a Roman sword.

The whole party on board were made merry by these unexpected supplies; but none more so than a loquacious little Frenchman, who got drunk in five minutes, and a sturdy Cappuccino Friar, who had taken everybody's fancy mightily, and was one of the best friars in the world, I verily

believe.

He had a free, open countenance; and a rich brown, flowing beard; and was a remarkably handsome man, of about fifty. He had come up to us, early in the morning, and inquired whether we were sure to be at Nice by eleven; saying that he particularly wanted to know, because if we reached it by that time he would have to perform Mass, and must deal with the consecrated wafer, fasting; whereas, if there were no chance of his being in time, he would immediately breakfast. He made this communication, under the idea that the brave Courier was the captain; and indeed he looked much more like it than anybody else on board. Being assured that we should arrive in good time, he fasted, and talked, fasting, to everybody, with the most charming good humour; answering jokes at the expense of friars, with other jokes at the expense of laymen, and saying that, friar as he was, he would engage to take up the two strongest men on board, one after the other, with his teeth, and carry them along the deck. Nobody gave him the opportunity, but I dare say he could have done it; for he was a gallant, noble figure of a man, even in the Cappuccino dress, which is the ugliest and most ungainly that can well be.

All this had given great delight to the loquacious Frenchman, who gradually patronised the Friar very much, and seemed to commiserate him as one who might have been born a Frenchman himself, but for an unfortunate destiny. Although his patronage was such as a mouse might bestow upon a lion, he had a vast opinion of its condescension; and in the warmth of that sentiment, occasionally rose on tiptoe, to slap the Friar on the back.

When the baskets arrived: it being then too late for Mass: the Friar went to work bravely: eating prodigiously of the cold meat and bread, drinking deep draughts of the wine, smoking cigars, taking snuff, sustaining an uninterrupted conversation with all hands, and occasionally running to the boat's side and hailing somebody on shore with the intelligence that we _must_ be got out of this quarantine somehow or other, as he had to take part in a great religious procession in the afternoon. After this, he would come back, laughing lustily from pure good humour: while the Frenchman wrinkled his small face into ten thousand creases, and said how droll it was, and what a brave boy was that Friar! At length the heat of the sun without, and the wine within, made the Frenchman sleepy. So, in the noontide of his patronage of his gigantic protégé, he lay down among the wool, and began to snore.

It was four o'clock before we were released; and the Frenchman, dirty and woolly, and snuffy, was still sleeping when the Friar went ashore. As soon as we were free, we all hurried away, to wash and dress, that we might make a decent appearance at the procession; and I saw no more of the Frenchman until we took up our station in the main street to see it pass, when he squeezed himself into a front place, elaborately renovated; threw back his little coat, to show a broad-barred velvet waistcoat,

sprinkled all over with stars; then adjusted himself and his cane so as utterly to bewilder and transfix the Friar, when he should appear.

The procession was a very long one, and included an immense number of people divided into small parties; each party chanting nasally, on its own account, without reference to any other, and producing a most dismal result. There were angels, crosses, Virgins carried on flat boards surrounded by Cupids, crowns, saints, missals, infantry, tapers, monks, nuns, relics, dignitaries of the church in green hats, walking under crimson parasols: and, here and there, a species of sacred street-lamp hoisted on a pole. We looked out anxiously for the Cappuccini, and presently their brown robes and corded girdles were seen coming on, in a body.

I observed the little Frenchman chuckle over the idea that when the Friar saw him in the broad-barred waistcoat, he would mentally exclaim, 'Is that my Patron! _That_ distinguished man!' and would be covered with confusion. Ah! never was the Frenchman so deceived. As our friend the Cappuccino advanced, with folded arms, he looked straight into the visage of the little Frenchman, with a bland, serene, composed abstraction, not to be described. There was not the faintest trace of recognition or amusement on his features; not the smallest consciousness of bread and meat, wine, snuff, or cigars. 'C'est lui-même,' I heard the little Frenchman say, in some doubt. Oh yes, it was himself. It was not his brother or his nephew, very like him. It was he. He walked in great state: being one of the Superiors of the Order: and looked his part to admiration. There never was anything so perfect of its kind as the contemplative way in which he allowed his placid gaze to rest on us, his late companions, as if he had never seen us in his life and didn't see us then. The Frenchman, quite humbled, took off his hat at last, but the Friar still passed on, with the same imperturbable serenity; and the broad-barred waistcoat, fading into the crowd, was seen no more.

The procession wound up with a discharge of musketry that shook all the windows in the town. Next afternoon we started for Genoa, by the famed Cornice road.

The half-French, half-Italian Vetturino, who undertook, with his little rattling carriage and pair, to convey us thither in three days, was a careless, good-looking fellow, whose light-heartedness and singing propensities knew no bounds as long as we went on smoothly. So long, he had a word and a smile, and a flick of his whip, for all the peasant girls, and odds and ends of the Sonnambula for all the echoes. So long, he went jingling through every little village, with bells on his horses and rings in his ears: a very meteor of gallantry and cheerfulness. But, it was highly characteristic to see him under a slight reverse of circumstances, when, in one part of the journey, we came to a narrow place where a waggon had broken down and stopped up the road. His hands were twined in his hair immediately, as if a combination of all the

direst accidents in life had suddenly fallen on his devoted head. He swore in French, prayed in Italian, and went up and down, beating his feet on the ground in a very ecstasy of despair. There were various carters and mule-drivers assembled round the broken waggon, and at last some man of an original turn of mind, proposed that a general and joint effort should be made to get things to-rights again, and clear the way—an idea which I verily believe would never have presented itself to our friend, though we had remained there until now. It was done at no great cost of labour; but at every pause in the doing, his hands were wound in his hair again, as if there were no ray of hope to lighten his misery. The moment he was on his box once more, and clattering briskly down hill, he returned to the Sonnambula and the peasant girls, as if it were not in the power of misfortune to depress him.

Much of the romance of the beautiful towns and villages on this beautiful road, disappears when they are entered, for many of them are very miserable. The streets are narrow, dark, and dirty; the inhabitants lean and squalid; and the withered old women, with their wiry grey hair twisted up into a knot on the top of the head, like a pad to carry loads on, are so intensely ugly, both along the Riviera, and in Genoa, too, that, seen straggling about in dim doorways with their spindles, or crooning together in by-corners, they are like a population of Witches—except that they certainly are not to be suspected of brooms or any other instrument of cleanliness. Neither are the pig-skins, in common use to hold wine, and hung out in the sun in all directions, by any means ornamental, as they always preserve the form of very bloated pigs, with their heads and legs cut off, dangling upside-down by their own tails.

These towns, as they are seen in the approach, however: nestling, with their clustering roofs and towers, among trees on steep hill-sides, or built upon the brink of noble bays: are charming. The vegetation is, everywhere, luxuriant and beautiful, and the Palm-tree makes a novel feature in the novel scenery. In one town, San Remo—a most extraordinary place, built on gloomy open arches, so that one might ramble underneath the whole town—there are pretty terrace gardens; in other towns, there is the clang of shipwrights' hammers, and the building of small vessels on the beach. In some of the broad bays, the fleets of Europe might ride at anchor. In every case, each little group of houses presents, in the distance, some enchanting confusion of picturesque and fanciful shapes.

The road itself—now high above the glittering sea, which breaks against the foot of the precipice: now turning inland to sweep the shore of a bay: now crossing the stony bed of a mountain stream: now low down on the beach: now winding among riven rocks of many forms and colours: now chequered by a solitary ruined tower, one of a chain of towers built, in old time, to protect the coast from the invasions of the Barbary Corsairs—presents new beauties every moment. When its own striking scenery is passed, and it trails on through a long line of suburb, lying

on the flat sea-shore, to Genoa, then, the changing glimpses of that noble city and its harbour, awaken a new source of interest; freshened by every huge, unwieldy, half-inhabited old house in its outskirts: and coming to its climax when the city gate is reached, and all Genoa with its beautiful harbour, and neighbouring hills, bursts proudly on the view.

DISGUISES ASSUMED BY, OR IN BEHALF OF, ROYALTY.

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sketches of Imposture, Deception, and Credulity*, by R. A. (Richard Alfred) Davenport

Disguise of Achilles--Of Ulysses--Of Codrus--Fiction employed by Numa Pompilius--King Alfred disguised in the Swineherd's Cottage--His Visit, as a Harper, to the Danish Camp--Richard Cœur de Lion takes the Garb of a Pilgrim--He is discovered and imprisoned--Disguises and Escape of Mary, Queen of Scots--Escape of Charles the Second, after the Battle of Worcester--Of Stanislaus from Dantzic--Of Prince Charles Edward from Scotland--Peter the Great takes the Dress of a Ship Carpenter--His Visit to England--Anecdote of his Conduct to a Dutch Skipper--Stratagem of the Princess Ulrica of Prussia--Pleasant Deception practised by Catherine the Second of Russia--Joan of Arc--Her early Life--Discovers the King when first introduced at Court--She compels the English to raise the Siege of Orleans--Joan leads the King to be crowned at Rheims--She is taken Prisoner--Base and barbarous Conduct of her Enemies--She is burned at Rouen--The Devil of Woodstock--Annoying Pranks played by it--Explanation of the Mystery--Fair Rosamond.

“Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown,” are the emphatic words of Shakspeare; and that a penalty of no light sorrow is often attached to the pomp and grandeur of royalty, is a fact which receives confirmation from the earliest traditionary accounts we have of the histories of kings and princes.[8]

To avoid the dangers inseparable from war; or, during war, to overpower an enemy by guile, as well as by force of arms; or, in political troubles, to seek a temporary concealment; have been occasionally the objects of men celebrated in after-times as heroes, and as examples worthy and proper to be followed by such as aimed at future conquest or greatness.

Thetis, knowing that her son Achilles was doomed to perish, if he went to the Trojan war, privately sent him, it is said, to the court

of Lycomedes, where he was disguised in a female dress; but, as Troy could not be taken without him, Ulysses went to the same court in the habit of a merchant, and exposed jewels and arms for sale. Achilles, neglecting the jewels, generally more attractive to female eyes, and displaying a certain skill in handling the weapons, inadvertently discovered his sex, and, challenged by Ulysses, was obliged to go to the war, in which he ultimately perished. The truth of this story cannot perhaps be safely asserted, especially as the introduction of the goddess Thetis is evidently poetical; but the tradition of it and the two following are quoted, to show that such impostures and concealments were not considered derogatory to the courage or good conduct of the greatest heroes of antiquity; and it is also probable that such facts, stripped of their poetical dress, did really take place.

Ulysses had pretended to be insane, that he might not be obliged to leave his beloved Penelope; and had yoked a horse and bull together, ploughing the sea-shore, where he sowed salt instead of corn. This dissimulation was discovered by Palamedes, who placed Telemachus, the infant son of Ulysses, before the plough, and thus convinced the world that the father was not mad; as he turned the plough from the furrow, to avoid injuring his son.

Codrus, the last king of Athens, from a nobler motive concealed his dignity, and saved his country, by sacrificing his own life; for, when the Heraclidæ made war against Athens, the Delphian oracle was consulted about the event: the Pythoness declared, that the Peloponnesians would be victorious, provided they did not kill the Athenian king. This response being promulgated, Codrus, in the heroic spirit of the age, determined to sacrifice his own life for the benefit of his country. Disguising himself, therefore, as a peasant, he went to the outpost of the enemy, and, seeking an occasion to quarrel, he was killed. When the real quality of the person slain became known, the Heraclidæ, believing their fate sealed if they remained, quickly retreated to their own country.

Numa Pompilius, at the death of Romulus, was unanimously elected king of Rome, and accepted the office after the repeated and earnest solicitations of the senate and people. Not, like Romulus, fond of war and military expeditions, he applied himself to tame the ferocity of his subjects, by inculcating a reverence for the deity. He had the discretion to see that, if he could bring them to the belief that he was aided by higher powers, his own regulations would be better attended to. He, therefore, encouraged the report which was spread, of his paying regular visits to the goddess-nymph Egeria; and he made use of her name to give sanction to the laws and institutions which he had introduced, and he informed the Romans that the safety of the empire depended upon the preservation of the sacred ancyle, or shield, which it was generally believed had dropped from heaven.

King Alfred, during the unsettled times of the Saxon heptarchy, is an example of a reverse of fortune successfully overcome by temporary disguise and concealment. Striving with the Danes for the possession of his own country, he was worsted, and compelled to provide for his safety by flying to a small island in Somersetshire, in the midst of marshes. This little oasis in the desert afterwards obtained the name of Ethelinge, or Prince's Island. From a swineherd who resided there the king received shelter, and under his roof he remained for months. It happened one day that the swain's wife placed some loaves on the hearth to be baked. The king was at the moment sitting by the fire, trimming his arrows. The woman, who was ignorant of his rank, said to him, "Turn thou those loaves, that they burn not; for I know that thou art a great eater." Alfred, whose thoughts and time were otherwise engaged, neglected this injunction, and the good woman, finding on her return the cakes all burnt, rated the king very severely; upbraiding him that, though he was so negligent in watching her warm cakes, he always seemed very well pleased to eat them. Alfred, it is said, subsequently munificently rewarded the peasant, whose name was Denulf, recommended him to apply himself to letters, and afterwards made him Bishop of Winchester.

Some fugitives of Alfred's party, at length, coming to the same place, recognised him, and remained with him, forming the nucleus of his future army. After six months passed in this retreat, he sought to surprise the main army of the Northmen, which was still encamped in Wiltshire. But, before striking any blow, he resolved to inspect the camp of the enemy in person. His early predilection for Saxon poetry and music qualified him to assume another disguise, that of a harper, and in this character he went to the Danish camp. His harp and singing excited notice; he was admitted to the king's table, heard his conversation with his generals, and contemplated their position unsuspected. He then returned to his own troops in safety, and, taking advantage of his knowledge of the place, conducted them to the most unguarded quarter of the enemy's camp, who were soon put to flight with great slaughter. This success paved the way for his ultimately regaining his crown and kingdom. Such is the story which has been handed down to us by some writers; but it was unknown to Asser, the biographer and contemporary of Alfred, and its truth is more than doubtful.

Richard Cœur de Lion, at the close of those chivalrous adventures which made his name so renowned in the crusades, having left the Holy Land, on his way home, sailed to Corfu. On his arrival at that island, he hired three coasting vessels to carry him and his suite to Ragusa and Zara. Aware of the danger to which he was exposed from the animosity and machinations of his enemies, he concealed his dignity under the name of Hugh the Merchant. The beards and hair of Richard and his companions had grown long from neglect, and they wore the garments

of pilgrims. Driven by a storm on the Istrian coast, they landed between Venice and Aquileia, and proceeded towards Goritz, where it was necessary to solicit passports from the governor. He happened to be Maynard, the nephew of that Conrad who was stabbed in the streets of Tyre, and whose death was maliciously ascribed to Richard. Richard had purchased three rubies from a merchant at Pisa, and one of them was fixed in a gold ring. Consulting his native liberality, rather than remembering his assumed character, Richard sent this ring as a present to the governor, when he asked his protection. Startled at the value of the gift, Maynard asked who were the persons that wished for passports. He was answered that they were pilgrims from Jerusalem; but the man who sent the ring was Hugh the Merchant. "This is not the gift of a merchant, but of a prince," said he, still contemplating the ring: "this must be King Richard;" and he returned a courteous but evasive answer.

Richard felt that, in a country where he had so many bitter enemies, suspicion was equivalent to discovery, and that, if he remained, his safety was compromised. He quitted therefore his party, and by the assistance of a German youth, as his guide, travelled three days and nights without food. Pressed at last by hunger, he rested near Vienna, where his enemy the Duke of Austria then was. A second incautious liberality again excited suspicion; and he was obliged to remain in a cottage whilst the youth procured necessaries for him. Richard supplied his messenger with so much money, that the ostentatious display of it in the market by the youth excited curiosity. On his next visit to the market he was seized, and put to the torture, by which he was compelled to reveal the name and asylum of the king. The Duke surrounded the cottage with his soldiers, who called on Richard to surrender, but the monarch refused to yield to any one but to the Duke himself. A cruel imprisonment followed his arrest, but he was at last restored to his kingdom.

The romantic story of his favourite Blondel, seeking him throughout Europe in the disguise of a minstrel, and discovering his prison, by singing his favourite air under the walls of it, is believed to have no other foundation than the lay of some sentimental troubadour.

The beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots excited a romantic interest and affection in her immediate followers, which has scarcely diminished at this distance of time; and in the attempt to escape from her evil fortune, in which she was strenuously aided by those followers, she was more than once obliged to assume a disguise to impose on the ever-wakeful vigilance of her enemies.

It is well-known that this celebrated beauty, through the political, as well, as it is believed, the personal jealousy of Queen Elizabeth, was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle, situated in the midst of a lake, which being thus cut off from all communication with the surrounding

country, was thought sufficiently secure, for the purposes of safe custody. But her beauty, and pitiable misfortunes, rendered her an object of compassion to many about her, and several attempts were made to rescue her from her rigorous confinement.

Mary had one day nearly succeeded in making her escape from the castle, disguised as a laundress. She had actually seated herself in the boat, when she was betrayed by inadvertently raising to her cheek a hand of snowy whiteness; her beauty in this instance, as in many others, proving the greatest source of her misery.

William Douglas, soon after, had the address to steal the keys of the gates, from the hall in which Sir William Douglas his father, and his mother, were sitting at supper. The queen, apprised of the circumstance, once more descended to the edge of the lake, where a boat was waiting, and having entered it, her maid assisted in rowing; as they approached the shore, William Douglas flung the keys into the lake. Having quitted the boat, the queen mounted a palfrey, and rode to Middy, the residence of Lord Seaton, where she was surrounded by her friends. She did not, however, long enjoy this respite from her misfortunes, the defeat of her army, at the fatal battle of Langside, in 1568, consigning her to a long and barbarous imprisonment, and, ultimately, to the scaffold.

History records few princes who have been compelled to assume such a series of disguises, or met with such hair-breadth escapes, as fell to the lot of Charles the Second, after his overthrow at Worcester, which apparently crushed for ever the hopes of the royalist party. By the victors no means were left untried to seize upon his person, and had not the fidelity of his followers been even more than equal to the animosity of his enemies, he must undoubtedly have fallen a victim. A reward of a thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension, the formidable terrors of a traitor's death were fulminated against all who should dare to shelter him, the country was scoured in all directions by numerous parties, and the magistrates were enjoined to arrest every unknown individual, and to keep a vigilant eye on the seaports. All, however, was to no purpose; his flight remained untraceable, his fate was involved in profound mystery, and it at length began to be supposed that he had perished obscurely by the hands of the peasantry. Forty-four days elapsed before the republicans received the unwelcome news that he not only still lived, but that he had eluded their pursuit, and gained a secure asylum in France.

On the night which followed the decisive defeat at Worcester, the Earl of Derby recommended Boscobel House to the prince, as a place of refuge, and at an early hour in the morning Charles reached Whiteladies, twenty-five miles off. There the prince retired to assume his first disguise; his hair was closely cropped, his face and hands were discoloured, his clothes changed for those of a labourer, and a

wood-bill was put into his hand, that he might personate a woodman. Under the escort of two peasants named Pendrel, he reached Madely, where he remained concealed till night, when he again sought his way to Boscobel. Here he found Colonel Careless, who was acquainted with every place of concealment in the country, and by his persuasions Charles consented to pass the day with him, amid the branches of a lofty oak, from which they occasionally saw the republican soldiers in search of them.

Night relieved them, and they returned to a concealment in the house. From thence Charles got to Mosely the following day on horseback, and there assumed the character of a servant; for the daughter of Colonel Lane, of Bentley, had a pass, to visit her aunt near Bristol, and Charles departed on horseback with his _mistress_ behind him. On stopping for the night, he was indulged with a separate chamber under the pretence of indisposition, but he was recognised on the following morning by the butler, who, being honoured by the royal confidence, endeavoured to repay it with his services. No ship being found at Bristol, it was resolved that Charles should remove to Trent, near Sherburn, and at Lyme a ship was hired to transport a nobleman and his _servant_, Lord Wilmot and Charles, to the coast of France. But again disappointment attended them. They then rode to Bridport, and in the inn the ostler challenged Charles, as an old acquaintance whom he had known at Mr. Potter's of Exeter. The fact was, Charles had lodged there during the civil war. He had sufficient presence of mind to avail himself of this partial mistake, and said, "I once lived with Mr. Potter, but, as I have no time now, we will renew our acquaintance on my return to London, over a pot of beer."

A second ship was at length procured by Colonel Phillips at Southampton, but of this resource Charles was deprived by its being seized for the transport of troops to Jersey: a collier was, however, soon after found at Shoreham, and Charles hastened to Brighton, where he supped with the master of the vessel, who also recognised him, having known him when, as Prince of Wales, he commanded the royal fleet in 1648. The sailor, however, faithfully set him ashore, on the following evening, at Fecamp, in Normandy, where all his perils ended.

Equal dangers have been encountered by a few other princes, in flying from their foes. The escape of King Stanislas Lecszinski, from Dantzic, in 1734, was accomplished under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty. The city was closely invested, all its immediate vicinity was inundated by the Vistula, and the whole of the surrounding country was in the hands of inveterate enemies, who were on the watch, and eager to seize him. The night before the fortress capitulated, he quitted it, disguised, in a boat, accompanied by some peasants, and one of his generals. The night was spent in vain attempts to find the bed of the river, and the dawn compelled him to seek a precarious shelter in a hut within sight of the Russians. In the evening they departed,

and at midnight the general and two peasants proceeded to search for a practicable route, leaving the king with only two peasants, of whose fidelity he was doubtful. The general did not return. Again Stanislas was obliged to take refuge in a hut, where he was every moment in dread of being discovered by the Cossacks. The Cossacks did, in reality, enter the house, but they left it without being aware that he was in it. At night, with his guides, he made a painful march, for some miles, through boggy ground, into which he often sank knee deep. On reaching the Vistula, where he had expected to find a boat, it was gone, and he had to make his way back through the marsh. At the house where he now arrived, he was instantly recognised; but the owner was friendly, and promised to provide him with a boat. While the king was waiting, he was joined by one of the peasants who had accompanied the general, who informed him that the Cossacks were searching for him in every part of the neighbourhood. The boat was at length procured, and the king set out to embark; but his guides were so much frightened by seeing the fires of the enemy's flying camps on all sides, that they refused to proceed. It was only by a great exertion of firmness on his part that they were prevailed on to move forward. At length they reached the boat. The king wished to force on the finder of it a handful of gold, but the noble-spirited peasant could hardly be prevailed on to accept even a couple of ducats. Landing at a village to hire or purchase a vehicle, Stanislas was in the utmost danger of being discovered, in consequence of the drunkenness of his guides. He succeeded, however, in reaching the Nogat, on the other side of which he would be in safety. But here again his hopes were on the point of being wrecked by the stupid obstinacy of his companions, who insisted on his going round by Marienburgh, to cross the bridge there; a measure which would have been fatal. Stanislas peremptorily refused to consent to this mad scheme; and he was lucky enough to procure a boat, by means of which he was conveyed to the Prussian territory, where he met with a hospitable reception.

More protracted sufferings were experienced by the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden. Pursued by numerous foes, some of whom were rendered inveterate by their political feelings, while others were stimulated by the enormous reward of thirty thousand pounds which was offered for his apprehension, he was, for six months, in hourly expectation of falling into their hands. He was hunted by land and water, from island to island, from cave to cave, and from the abode of one partisan to that of another, with a perseverance which nothing but his own presence of mind, and the fidelity of his followers, could have rendered ineffectual. During the hot chase to which he was exposed, he was subjected to privations of the severest kind; hunger, thirst, exposure to the elements, and incessant fatigue. Among his many disguises was the dress of a female. It seems that he now and then forgot the demeanour which belonged to his garb. On one occasion, in crossing a stream, he held up his petticoats so indelicately high, that his conductor expressed fear that suspicion

would be excited; upon which the prince went to the opposite extreme, and allowed his clothes to float on the water, till he was reminded that this also might draw attention to him. The battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th of April, and it was not till the 19th of September that Charles Edward was at last rescued from the perils which environed him, by the arrival of two French vessels, in one of which he embarked for France. Even in the last scene of his adventures danger threatened him; for the British fleet was then cruising off the French coast, and he actually sailed through it in his way to Morlaix, but was hidden from it by a thick fog.

One of the most meritorious disguises ever put on by a monarch, as it had its origin solely in good intentions and anxiety for the welfare of his subjects, is described in the history of Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy; who, though his education was defective, was endowed with a strong mind, and felt how much was still to be acquired before he could realize the vast projects which he was eager to execute. To counteract the formidable power of the Strelitzes, who were far more inclined to dispute than obey the commands of their superiors, he resolved to introduce a new discipline, and to reorganize his army; and, in order to set the example of subordination, he himself entered as a private in one of his corps, which was disciplined in the German manner. In this corps he gradually rose to command by his services, and by sharing the toils and privations of the military life.

In 1695, he laid siege to Azoff; but the enterprise failed from a want of shipping to block the harbour: this circumstance, among others, forced on his attention the necessity of improving his navy. His fondness, however, for naval architecture is dated from 1691, when accidentally taking notice of a decayed sloop near Moscow, and being told that it was of foreign construction, and able to sail to windward, he caused it to be repaired by a Dutch shipwright, and was highly delighted to observe its manœuvres, which he afterwards learned to regulate himself. Perhaps the most interesting and extraordinary circumstance in the history of mankind, is, that the despotic monarch of a mighty dominion should descend from his throne, and travel as a private person, in the train of his own ambassador sent to Holland. When Peter arrived there, he first took up his abode in the Admiralty at Amsterdam, and afterwards enrolled himself among the ship-carpenters, and went to the village of Sardam, where he wrought as a common carpenter and blacksmith, with unusual assiduity, under the name of Master Peter. He was clad and fed as his fellow-workmen, for he would not allow of vain distinctions.

The next year he passed over to England, where, in four months, he completed his knowledge of ship building. After receiving every mark of respect from William the Third, he left this country accompanied by several English ship-builders and carpenters, whom he employed with great liberality, in his naval dock-yards, and he is said to have

subsequently written several pieces on naval affairs.

John Evelyn, the author of the *Sylva*, gives rather a curious account of the emperor in his *Diary*: he writes “1698, January. The czar of Muscovy being come to England, and having a mind to see the building of ships, hired my house at Say’s Court, and made it his court and palace, new furnished for him by the king.”

Whilst the czar was in his house, Mr. Evelyn’s servant thus wrote to him: “There is a house full of people, and right nasty. The czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o’clock and six at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the king’s yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The king is expected here this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The king pays for all he has.”

Such a noble mind, employed in the acquisition of knowledge, for the benefit of his country and his people, may well be pardoned for any deficiencies in the accomplishments or embellishments of life.

In Carr’s *Tour round the Baltic* is related an anecdote of the czar’s partiality towards those connected with maritime affairs. A Dutch skipper hearing that Petersburg was building, and that the emperor had a great passion for ships and commerce, resolved to try his fortune there, and accordingly arrived with the first merchant vessel that ever sailed on the Neva, and was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the captain of the port from a friend of his in Holland, requesting him to use his interest to procure a freight for him. Peter the Great was working like a common labourer in the Admiralty as the galliot passed, and saluted with two or three small guns. The emperor was uncommonly delighted, and having been informed of the Dutchman’s business, he resolved to have some frolic with him, and accordingly commanded the port-captain to see the skipper as soon as he landed, and direct him to the emperor, as a merchant just settled there, which character he intended to personate. Peter repaired to his original cottage on the Neva, with his empress, who, to humour the plan, dressed herself in a plain bourgeois habit, such as suited the wife of a merchant. The Dutchman was introduced to the emperor, who received him with great kindness, and they sat and ate bread and cheese, and smoked together for some time, during which the Dutchman’s eye examined the room, and began to think that one who lived in so mean a place could be of no service to him: presently the empress entered, when the skipper addressed her, by observing that he had brought her a cheese, a much better one than she had ever tasted, for which, affecting an awkward manner, she thanked him. Being much pleased with her appearance, he took from his coat a piece of linen, and begged her acceptance of it for shifts. “Oh,” exclaimed the emperor, taking the pipe from his mouth, “Kate, you will now be as fine and proud as an empress.” This was followed by the stranger begging to have a kiss, which she coyly

indulged him in. At this moment Prince Menzikof, the favourite and minister of Peter the Great, covered with all his orders, stood before the emperor uncovered. The skipper began to stare with amazement, whilst Peter, making private signs, induced the prince to retire. The astonished Dutchman said "Why, you appear to have great acquaintance here." "Yes," replied Peter, "and so may you, if you stay here but ten days; there are plenty of such needy noblemen as the one you saw; they are always in debt and very glad to borrow money; but beware of these fellows, and do not be dazzled by their stars and garters, and such trumpery." This advice put the Dutchman more at his ease, who smoked and drank very cheerfully, and had made his bargain with the imperial merchant for a cargo, when the officer of the guard entered to receive orders, and stood with profound respect, addressing Peter by the title of Imperial Majesty. The Dutchman sprang from his chair, and fell on his knees, imploring forgiveness for the liberties he had been taking. Peter, laughing heartily, raised him up and made him kiss the empress's hand, presented him with fifteen hundred rubles, gave him a freight, and ordered that his vessel, as long as her timbers remained together, should be permitted to enter all the Russian ports free of duty. This privilege made the rapid fortune of the owner.

The marriage of Ulrica, sister of Frederick the Great, with Adolphus Frederick of Sweden, was the fruit of a stratagem, rather unfairly played off on her sister. The court and senate of Sweden sent an ambassador incognito to Berlin, to watch and report upon the characters and dispositions of Frederick's two unmarried sisters, Ulrica and Amelia; the former of whom had the reputation of being very haughty, crafty, satirical, and capricious; and the Swedish court had already nearly determined in favour of Amelia, who was remarkable for the attraction of her person and sweetness of her mind. The mission of the ambassador was soon buzzed abroad, and Amelia was overwhelmed with misery, on account of her insuperable objection to renounce the tenets of Calvin for those of Luther. In this state of wretchedness she implored the assistance of her sister's councils, to prevent an union so repugnant to her happiness. The wary Ulrica advised her to assume the most insolent and repulsive deportment to every one, in the presence of the Swedish ambassador, which advice she followed, whilst Ulrica put on all those amiable qualities which her sister had provisionally laid aside: every one, ignorant of the cause, was astonished at the change; and the ambassador informed his court that fame had completely reversed their reciprocal good and bad qualities. Ulrica was consequently preferred, and mounted the throne of Sweden.

At the village of Zarsko-Zelo, at which is situated the most magnificent of the imperial country palaces in Russia, there were no inns, but the hospitality of Mr. Bush, the English gardener, prevented that inconvenience from being felt by visitors properly introduced to him. When Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, to whom every appearance of show was disgusting, expressed his intention of visiting Catherine

II., she offered him apartments in her palace, which he declined. Her Majesty, well knowing his dislike to parade, had Mr. Bush's house fitted up as an inn, with the sign of a Catherine wheel, below which appeared in German characters "The Falkenstein Arms;" Falkenstein being the name which the emperor assumed. His Majesty knew nothing of the ingenious and attentive deception, till after he had quitted Russia. When the emperor once went to Moscow, he is said to have preceded the royal carriages as an avant-coureur, in order to avoid the obnoxious pomp and ceremony which an acknowledgment of his rank would have awakened.

About the year 1428, there arose in France, in the person of Joan of Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, a heroine, who by her enthusiasm stimulated the French to resist the domination of the English. She appears to have been simple, chaste, modest, and inoffensive. During her youth, she was frequently seen kneeling devoutly in a corner of her village church: piety, indeed, seems to have produced its elevating effects on her mind, and to it may be ascribed the largest portion of her success. There was, in truth, nothing about her brief but brilliant day of public action which looked like wilful imposture in herself. We must therefore suppose she was practised upon by others, or that her young and enthusiastic imagination, by being continually worked upon, became afflicted with a permanent, though partial, derangement; a species of madness which is not uncommon. The latter supposition is supported by her own language; she declared that, at the age of thirteen, she had been instructed, by a voice from God, how to govern herself, and that she saw St. Michael several times, who ordered her to be a good girl; and that God would assist her, and that she must go to the succour of the king of France.

Before she became a public character, she used to amuse herself with her companions in running, and fighting with a kind of lance, and also on horseback; which accounted for her subsequent excellent management of weapons, and skill in riding.

There was a popular tradition, that France was to be delivered by a virgin from the borders of Lorraine. This might have suggested or assisted her pretensions; and, having once fixed popular attention, and excited popular interest, public feeling both supported and carried her to the completion of her wishes.

Joan, when first presented at court, is said to have known the king, who was standing promiscuously among the nobles, and to have revealed to him a secret unknown to any one else. It has been very much canvassed what this secret could be; but, it seems the Chevalier de Boissy, who was a favourite of Charles the Seventh during their youth, and was at that time his bedfellow, was in possession of it. Charles told him that he had one day prayed, without utterance, that Heaven would defend his right; Joan reminded him of this prayer. Such

an incident leads to a suspicion that some persons near the king, and acquainted with his private thoughts, were secretly instructing the maid of Orleans, and practising, by these means, on the credulity of the nation. But of still more consequence did her assumptions prove to the English, who, under the administration of the Duke of Bedford, were masters at that time of the capital and almost all the northern provinces of France. During her interview with the French king, Joan, in the name of the Supreme Being, offered to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct him to Rheims, to be there crowned and anointed; and she demanded, as the instrument of her future victories, a particular sword, which was kept in the church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, and which, though she had never seen it, she described by all its marks, and by the place in which it had long lain neglected.

An assembly of grave doctors and theologians cautiously examined Joan's mission, and pronounced it undoubtedly supernatural. She was sent to the parliament and interrogated before that assembly; and the presidents and counsellors, who had come persuaded of her imposture, went away convinced of her inspiration. All the English affected to speak with derision of the maid, and of her heavenly commission; and said that the French king was now reduced to a sorry pass, when he had recourse to such ridiculous expedients; but they felt their imagination secretly struck with the vehement persuasion which prevailed in all around them; and waited with anxious expectation for the issue of these extraordinary preparations.

The inhabitants of Orleans now believed themselves invincible under her influence; and the Count of Dunois himself, perceiving such an alteration both in friends and foes, consented that the next convoy, which was to march in a few days, should enter by the side of Beausse, where the English were most numerous. The convoy approached; no sign of resistance appeared in the besiegers; it passed without interruption between the redoubts of the English, and a dead silence and astonishment reigned among those troops which were formerly so elated with victory. The siege of Orleans was speedily raised, the English army being unable to continue its operations.

The raising of the siege was one part of the maid's promise to Charles; the crowning him at Rheims was the other; and she now vehemently insisted that he should set out on that enterprise. Rheims lay in a distant quarter of the kingdom, and was then in the hands of a victorious enemy; the whole road which led to it was also occupied by their garrisons; and no man could be so sanguine as to imagine that such an attempt could so soon come within the bounds of possibility. Charles, however, resolved to follow the exhortations of his warlike prophetess, and to lead his army upon this promising adventure. He set out for Rheims at the head of twelve thousand men. Troyes opened its gates to him, Chalons imitated the example, Rheims sent him a deputation with its keys, and he scarcely perceived, as he passed

along, that he was marching through an enemy's country. The ceremony was performed with the holy oil, which a pigeon had brought to King Clovis from heaven on the first establishment of the French monarchy. The maid of Orleans stood by his side, in complete armour, displaying the sacred banner. The people shouted with the most unfeigned joy, on viewing such a complication of wonders. The inclinations of men swaying their belief, no one doubted of the inspirations and prophetic spirit of the maid; the real and undoubted facts brought credit to every exaggeration; for no fiction could be more wonderful than the events which were known to be true.

The maid was soon after taken prisoner by the Burgundians, while she was heading a sally upon the quarters of John of Luxembourg. The service of *Te Deum* was publicly celebrated, on this fortunate event, at Paris. The Duke of Bedford fancied that, by her captivity, he should again recover his former ascendancy over France; and, to make the most of the present advantage, he purchased the captive from John of Luxembourg, and instituted a prosecution against her. The Bishop of Beauvais, a man wholly devoted to the English interests, presented a petition against Joan, and desired to have her tried by an ecclesiastical court, for sorcery, impiety, idolatry, and magic. The university of Paris was so mean as to join in the same request. In the issue, she was condemned for all the crimes of which she had been accused, aggravated by heresy; her revelations were declared to be inventions of the devil to delude the people; and she was sentenced to be delivered over to the secular arm. Her spirit gave way to the terrors of that punishment to which she was sentenced, and she publicly declared herself ready to recant; she acknowledged the illusion of those revelations which the church had rejected, and promised never more to maintain them. Her sentence was then mitigated; she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed during life on bread and water.

But the barbarous vengeance of Joan's enemies was not satisfied with this victory. Suspecting that the female dress which she now consented to wear was disagreeable to her, they purposely placed in her apartment a suit of men's apparel, and watched for the effects of that temptation upon her. On the sight of a dress in which she had acquired so much renown, and which she once believed she wore by the particular appointment of Heaven, all her former ideas and passions revived, and she ventured in her solitude to clothe herself again in the forbidden garments. Her insidious enemies caught her in that situation; her fault was interpreted to be no less than a relapse into heresy. No recantation would now suffice; no pardon could be granted her; she was condemned to be burnt in the market-place of Rouen; and the infamous sentence was accordingly executed.

During the time of the commonwealth, commissioners, appointed by Oliver Cromwell, were sent to Woodstock for the purpose of surveying the royal

demesne; but they speedily found themselves obliged to quit it, in consequence of the great alarm occasioned them by circumstances which could only happen, as they supposed through the agency of means which were considered in those days to be quite supernatural; though the knowledge of later times creates a surprise at the credulity of the commissioners being so easily worked upon by tricks, which would now be regarded as almost beneath the capacity of a schoolboy. The Woodstock devil is the name by which the supposed spirit is known.

The strange events which are the subject of this article, happened in the months of October and November, 1649. The commissioners arrived on October the 13th, taking up their residence in the king's own apartments, turning his dining-room into their wood-yard, and supplying themselves with fuel from a famous oak, called the Royal Oak,[9] that nothing might be left with the name of king about it.

The first supernatural appearance that disturbed the equanimity of these worthy commissioners was that of a large black dog, which, entering one of the rooms, overturned two or three chairs, and then disappeared under a bed. The next day noises were heard overhead, as of persons walking, though they knew that all the doors were locked. The wood of the king's oak was brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the presence-chamber. Giles Sharpe, their secretary, was active in attempting to discover the causes of these disturbances, but his inquiries were unsuccessful. On unlocking the door of the room, in the presence of the commissioners, the wood was found all thrown about in different directions. The chairs were tossed about, the papers torn, and the ink spilt; which mischief, it was argued, could only have been perpetrated by one who must have entered through the key-hole.

At night the beds of Giles Sharpe and two other servants were lifted up, and let down violently, so as to throw them out; again, on the nineteenth, when in bed, the candles were blown out, with a sulphureous smell, and the trenchers of wood hurled about the room.

On the twentieth the commissioners themselves, when in bed, were attacked with cruel blows, and the curtains drawn to and fro with great violence. This sort of attack upon the peace and safety of the commissioners was repeated almost every night. They were also assaulted from without, for a vast number of stones and horses' bones were thrown through the windows, to the great risk of those within.

A servant, who was rash enough to draw his sword, perceived that an invisible hand had hold of it too, which, pulling it from him, struck him a violent blow on the head with the pommel of it. Dr. Plot concludes his relation of this affair with observing, that "many of the circumstances related are not reconcilable to juggling," and he adds, "all which being put together, perhaps may easily persuade some

man, otherwise inclined, to believe that immaterial beings might be concerned in this business, provided the speculative theist be not after all a practical atheist.”

“The Secret History of the good Devil of Woodstock,” a pamphlet published not long after these events, unravelled these mysteries. It appears that one Joe Collins, commonly called “Funny Joe,” was that very devil. He hired himself as a servant to the commissioners, under the name of Giles Sharpe, and by the help of two friends, an unknown trap-door in the ceiling of the bedchamber, and a pound of gunpowder, played all these amazing tricks.

The sudden extinguishing of the candles was contrived by inserting gunpowder into the lower part of each candle, destined to explode at a certain time. The great dog was no other than one that had whelped in that room shortly before, and which made all that disturbance in seeking her puppies, and which, when she had served his purpose, Giles Sharpe let out, and then pretended to search for.

The circumstance that had most effect in driving the commissioners from Woodstock was this:--they had formed a reserve of a part of the premises to themselves, and having entered into a private agreement among themselves, they hid the writing in the earth, under the roots of an orange-tree, which grew in a tub in the corner of the room. In the midst of dinner one day this earth took fire, and burned violently with a blue flame, filling the room with a strong sulphureous stench; the explanation of which phenomenon may be found in modern books of experimental chemistry, under the head of “receipt to make an earthquake.” This last attack so completely terrified the commissioners, that, fearing the very devils from hell were rising against them, they speedily took to flight.

So early as the reign of Henry the Second, Woodstock was famed for being the residence of the beautiful Rosamond, and it is thus quaintly described by Speed. “Henry the Second built an intricate labyrinth at Woodstock, and therein he stowed this pearl of his esteem (Rosamond), unto whose closet, for the inexplicate windings, none could approach but the king, and those instructed by him. Notwithstanding, his jealous queen, Eleanor, favoured by accident, thus discovered the privacy of the favourite, for a clewe of silk having fallen from Rosamond’s lap, as she sat to take the air, and was suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of silk fastened to her foot; the clewe, still unwinding, remained behind, which the queen followed up till she had found what she sought, and upon Rosamond so bestowed her spleen, that the gentle ladye lived not long after.”

NEWSPAPER MORALS

[And A Rebuttal from Mr. Pulitzer Follows]

By H. L. Mencken

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Profession of Journalism*, by Various

I

Aspiring, toward the end of my nonage, to the black robes of a dramatic critic, I took counsel with an ancient whose service went back to the days of *Our American Cousin*, asking him what qualities were chiefly demanded by the craft.

“The main idea,” he told me frankly, “is to be interesting, to write a good story. All else is dross. Of course, I am not against accuracy, fairness, information, learning. If you want to read Lessing and Freytag, Hazlitt and Brunetière, go read them: they will do you no harm. It is also useful to know something about Shakespeare. But unless you can make people *read* your criticisms, you may as well shut up your shop. And the only way to make them read you is to give them something exciting.”

“You suggest, then,” I ventured, “a certain—ferocity?”

“I do,” replied my venerable friend. “Read George Henry Lewes, and see how *he* did it—sometimes with a bladder on a string, usually with a meat-axe. Knock somebody on the head every day—if not an actor, then the author, and if not the author, then the manager. And if the play and the performance are perfect, then excoriate someone who doesn’t think so—a fellow critic, a rival manager, the unappreciative public. But make it hearty; make it hot! The public would rather be the butt itself than have no butt in the ring. That is Rule Number 1 of American psychology—and of English, too, but more especially of American. You must give a good show to get a crowd, and a good show means one with slaughter in it.”

Destiny soon robbed me of my critical shroud, and I fell into a long succession of less æsthetic newspaper berths, from that of police reporter to that of managing editor, but always the advice of my ancient counselor kept turning over and over in my memory, and as chance offered I began to act upon it, and whenever I acted upon it I found that it worked. What is more, I found that other newspaper men acted upon it too, some of them quite consciously and frankly, and others through a veil of self-deception, more or less diaphanous. The primary aim of all of them, no less when they played the secular Iokanaan than when they played the mere newsmonger, was to please the crowd, to give a good show; and the way they set about giving that good show was by first

selecting a deserving victim, and then putting him magnificently to the torture.

This was their method when they were performing for their own profit only, when their one motive was to make the public read their paper; but it was still their method when they were battling bravely and unselfishly for the public good, and so discharging the highest duty of their profession. They lightened the dull days of midsummer by pursuing recreant aldermen with bloodhounds and artillery, by muckraking unsanitary milk-dealers, or by denouncing Sunday liquor-selling in suburban parks—and they fought constructive campaigns for good government in exactly the same gothic, melodramatic way. Always their first aim was to find a concrete target, to visualize their cause in some definite and defiant opponent. And always their second aim was to shell that opponent until he dropped his arms and took to ignominious flight. It was not enough to maintain and to prove: it was necessary also to pursue and overcome, to lay a specific somebody low, to give the good show aforesaid.

Does this confession of newspaper practice involve a libel upon the American people? Perhaps it does—on the theory, let us say, that the greater the truth, the greater the libel. But I doubt if any reflective newspaper man, however lofty his professional ideals, will ever deny any essential part of that truth. He knows very well that a definite limit is set, not only upon the people's capacity for grasping intellectual concepts, but also upon their capacity for grasping moral concepts. He knows that it is necessary, if he would catch and inflame them, to state his ethical syllogism in the homely terms of their habitual ethical thinking. And he knows that this is best done by dramatizing and vulgarizing it, by filling it with dynamic and emotional significance, by translating all argument for a principle into rage against a man.

In brief, he knows that it is hard for the plain people to think about a thing, but easy for them to feel. Error, to hold their attention, must be visualized as a villain, and the villain must proceed swiftly to his inevitable retribution. They can understand that process; it is simple, usual, satisfying; it squares with their primitive conception of justice as a form of revenge. The hero fires them too, but less certainly, less violently than the villain. His defect is that he offers thrills at second-hand. It is the merit of the villain, pursued publicly by a posse comitatus, that he makes the public breast the primary seat of heroism, that he makes every citizen a personal participant in a glorious act of justice. Wherefore it is ever the aim of the sagacious journalist to foster that sense of personal participation. The wars that he wages are always described as the people's wars, and he himself affects to be no more than their strategist and claque. When the victory has once been gained, true enough, he may take all the credit without a blush; but while the fight is going on he always pretends that every honest yeoman is enlisted, and he is even eager to make it appear

that the yeomanry began it on their own motion, and out of the excess of their natural virtue.

I assume here, as an axiom too obvious to be argued, that the chief appeal of a newspaper, in all such holy causes, is not at all to the educated and reflective minority of citizens, but frankly to the ignorant and unreflective majority. The truth is that it would usually get a newspaper nowhere to address its exhortations to the former; for, in the first place, they are too few in number to make their support of much value in general engagements, and, in the second place, it is almost always impossible to convert them into disciplined and useful soldiers. They are too cantankerous for that, too ready with embarrassing strategy of their own. One of the principal marks of an educated man, indeed, is the fact that he does not take his opinions from newspapers—not, at any rate, from the militant, crusading newspapers. On the contrary, his attitude toward them is almost always one of frank cynicism, with indifference as its mildest form and contempt as its commonest. He knows that they are constantly falling into false reasoning about the things within his personal knowledge,—that is, within the narrow circle of his special education,—and so he assumes that they make the same, or even worse, errors about other things, whether intellectual or moral. This assumption, it may be said at once, is quite justified by the facts.

I know of no subject, in truth, save perhaps baseball, on which the average American newspaper, even in the larger cities, discourses with unflinching sense and understanding. Whenever the public journals presume to illuminate such a matter as municipal taxation, for example, or the extension of local transportation facilities, or the punishment of public or private criminals, or the control of public-service corporations, or the revision of city charters, the chief effect of their effort is to introduce into it a host of extraneous issues, most of them wholly emotional, and so they contrive to make it unintelligible to all earnest seekers after the truth.

But it does not follow thereby that they also make it unintelligible to their special client, the man in the street. Far from it. What they actually accomplish is the exact opposite. That is to say, it is precisely by this process of transmutation and emotionalization that they bring a given problem down to the level of that man's comprehension, and, what is more important, within the range of his active sympathies. He is not interested in anything that does not stir him, and he is not stirred by anything that fails to impinge upon his small stock of customary appetites and attitudes. His daily acts are ordered, not by any complex process of reasoning, but by a continuous process of very elemental feeling. He is not at all responsive to purely intellectual argument, even when its theme is his own ultimate benefit, for such argument quickly gets beyond his immediate interest and experience. But he is very responsive to emotional suggestion,

particularly when it is crudely and violently made; and it is to this weakness that the newspapers must ever address their endeavors. In brief, they must try to arouse his horror, or indignation, or pity, or simply his lust for slaughter. Once they have done that, they have him safely by the nose. He will follow blindly until his emotion wears out. He will be ready to believe anything, however absurd, so long as he is in his state of psychic tumescence.

In the reform campaigns which periodically rock our large cities,—and our small ones, too,—the newspapers habitually make use of this fact. Such campaigns are not intellectual wars upon erroneous principles, but emotional wars upon errant men: they always revolve around the pursuit of some definite, concrete, fugitive malefactor, or group of malefactors. That is to say, they belong to popular sport rather than to the science of government; the impulse behind them is always far more orgiastic than reflective. For good government in the abstract, the people of the United States seem to have no liking, or, at all events, no passion. It is impossible to get them stirred up over it, or even to make them give serious thought to it. They seem to assume that it is a mere phantasm of theorists, a political will-o'-the-wisp, a utopian dream—wholly uninteresting, and probably full of dangers and tricks. The very discussion of it bores them unspeakably, and those papers which habitually discuss it logically and unemotionally—for example, the *New York Evening Post*—are diligently avoided by the mob. What the mob thirsts for is not good government in itself, but the merry chase of a definite exponent of bad government. The newspaper that discovers such an exponent—or, more accurately, the newspaper that discovers dramatic and overwhelming evidence against him—has all the material necessary for a reform wave of the highest emotional intensity. All that it need do is to goad the victim into a fight. Once he has formally joined the issue, the people will do the rest. They are always ready for a man-hunt, and their favorite quarry is the man of politics. If no such prey is at hand, they will turn to wealthy debauchees, to fallen Sunday-school superintendents, to money barons, to white-slave traders, to un-sedulous chiefs of police. But their first choice is the boss.

In assaulting bosses, however, a newspaper must look carefully to its ammunition, and to the order and interrelation of its salvos. There is such a thing, at the start, as overshooting the mark, and the danger thereof is very serious. The people must be aroused by degrees, gently at first, and then with more and more ferocity. They are not capable of reaching the maximum of indignation at one leap: even on the side of pure emotion they have their rigid limitations. And this, of course, is because even emotion must have a quasi-intellectual basis, because even indignation must arise out of facts. One fact at a time! If a newspaper printed the whole story of a political boss's misdeeds in a single article, that article would have scarcely any effect whatever, for it would be far too long for the average reader to read and absorb. He would never get to the end of it, and the part he actually traversed

would remain muddled and distasteful in his memory. Far from arousing an emotion in him, it would arouse only ennui, which is the very antithesis of emotion. He cannot read more than three columns of any one subject without tiring: 6,000 words, I should say, is the extreme limit of his appetite. And the nearer he is pushed to that limit, the greater the strain upon his psychic digestion. He can absorb a single capital fact, leaping from a headline, at one colossal gulp; but he could not down a dissertation in twenty. And the first desideratum in a headline is that it deal with a single and capital fact. It must be, "McGinnis Steals \$1,257,867.25," not, "McGinnis Lacks Ethical Sense."

Moreover, a newspaper article which presumed to tell the whole of a thrilling story in one gargantuan installment would lack the dynamic element, the quality of mystery and suspense. Even if it should achieve the miracle of arousing the reader to a high pitch of excitement, it would let him drop again next day. If he is to be kept in his frenzy long enough for it to be dangerous to the common foe, he must be led into it gradually. The newspaper in charge of the business must harrow him, tease him, promise him, hold him. It is thus that his indignation is transformed from a state of being into a state of gradual and cumulative becoming; it is thus that reform takes on the character of a hotly contested game, with the issue agreeably in doubt. And it is always as a game, of course, that the man in the street views moral endeavor. Whether its proposed victim be a political boss, a police captain, a gambler, a fugitive murderer, or a disgraced clergyman, his interest in it is almost purely a sporting interest. And the intensity of that interest, of course, depends upon the fierceness of the clash. The game is fascinating in proportion as the morally pursued puts up a stubborn defense, and in proportion as the newspaper directing the pursuit is resourceful and merciless, and in proportion as the eminence of the quarry is great and his resultant downfall spectacular. A war against a ward boss seldom attracts much attention, even in the smaller cities, for he is insignificant to begin with and an inept and cowardly fellow to end with; but the famous war upon William M. Tweed shook the whole nation, for he was a man of tremendous power, he was a brave and enterprising antagonist, and his fall carried a multitude of other men with him. Here, indeed, was sport royal, and the plain people took to it with avidity.

But once such a buccaneer is overhauled and manacled, the show is over, and the people take no further interest in reform. In place of the fallen boss, a so-called reformer has been set up. He goes into office with public opinion apparently solidly behind him: there is every promise that the improvement achieved will be lasting. But experience shows that it seldom is. Reform does not last. The reformer quickly loses his public. His usual fate, indeed, is to become the pet butt and aversion of his public. The very mob that put him into office chases him out of office. And after all, there is nothing very astonishing about this change of front, which is really far less a change of front than it

seems. The mob has been fed, for weeks preceding the reformer's elevation, upon the blood of big and little bosses; it has acquired a taste for their chase, and for the chase in general. Now, of a sudden, it is deprived of that stimulating sport. The old bosses are in retreat; there are yet no new bosses to belabor and pursue; the newspapers which elected the reformer are busily apologizing for his amateurish errors—a dull and dispiriting business. No wonder it now becomes possible for the old bosses, acting through their inevitable friends on the respectable side,—the “solid” business men, the takers of favors, the underwriters of political enterprise, and the newspapers influenced by these pious fellows,—to start the rabble against the reformer. The trick is quite as easy as that but lately done. The rabble wants a good show, a game, a victim: it doesn't care who that victim may be. How easy to convince it that the reformer is a scoundrel himself, that he is as bad as any of the old bosses, that he ought to go to the block for high crimes and misdemeanors! It never had any actual love for him, or even any faith in him; his election was a mere incident of the chase of his predecessor. No wonder that it falls upon him eagerly, butchering him to make a new holiday!

This is what has happened over and over again in every large American city—Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Baltimore, San Francisco, St. Paul, Kansas City. Every one of these places has had its melodramatic reform campaigns and its inevitable reactions. The people have leaped to the overthrow of bosses, and then wearied of the ensuing tedium. A perfectly typical slipping back, to be matched in a dozen other cities, is going on in Philadelphia to-day [1914]. Mayor Rudolph Blankenberg, a veteran war-horse of reform, came into office through the downfall of the old bosses, a catastrophe for which he had labored and agitated for more than thirty years. But now the old bosses are getting their revenge by telling the people that he is a violent and villainous boss himself. Certain newspapers are helping them; they have concealed but powerful support among financiers and business men; volunteers have even come forward from other cities—for example, the Mayor of Baltimore. Slowly but surely this insidious campaign is making itself felt; the common people show signs of yearning for another _auto-da-fé_. Mayor Blankenberg, unless I am the worst prophet unhung, will meet with an overwhelming defeat in 1915.[4] And it will be a very difficult thing to put even a half-decent man in his place: the victory of the bosses will be so nearly complete that they will be under no necessity of offering compromises. Employing a favorite device of political humor, they may select a harmless blank cartridge, a respectable numskull, what is commonly called a perfumer. But the chances are that they will select a frank ringster, and that the people will elect him with cheers.

Footnote 4:

This was written in 1914. The overthrow of Blankenberg took place as

forecast, and Philadelphia has since enjoyed boss rule again, with plentiful scandals.—H. L. M.

II

Such is the ebb and flow of emotion in the popular heart—or perhaps, if we would be more accurate, the popular liver. It does not constitute an intelligible system of morality, for morality, at bottom, is not at all an instinctive matter, but a purely intellectual matter: its essence is the control of impulse by an ideational process, the subordination of the immediate desire to the distant aim. But such as it is, it is the only system of morality that the emotional majority is capable of comprehending and practicing; and so the newspapers, which deal with majorities quite as frankly as politicians deal with them, have to admit it into their own system. That is to say, they cannot accomplish anything by talking down to the public from a moral plane higher than its own: they must take careful account of its habitual ways of thinking, its moral thirsts and prejudices, its well-defined limitations. They must remember clearly, as judges and lawyers have to remember it, that the morality subscribed to by that public is far from the stern and arctic morality of professors of the science. On the contrary, it is a mellow and more human thing; it has room for the antithetical emotions of sympathy and scorn; it makes no effort to separate the criminal from his crime.

The higher moralities, running up to that of Puritans and archbishops, allow no weight to custom, to general reputation, to temptation; they hold it to be no defense of a ballot-box stuffer, for example, that he had scores of accomplices and that he is kind to his little children. But the popular morality regards such a defense as sound and apposite; it is perfectly willing to convert a trial on a specific charge into a trial on a general charge. And in giving judgment it is always ready to let feeling triumph over every idea of abstract justice; and very often that feeling has its origin and support, not in matters actually in evidence, but in impressions wholly extraneous and irrelevant.

Hence the need of a careful and wary approach in all newspaper crusades, particularly on the political side. On the one hand, as I have said, the astute journalist must remember the public's incapacity for taking in more than one thing at a time, and on the other hand, he must remember its disposition to be swayed by mere feeling, and its habit of founding that feeling upon general and indefinite impressions. Reduced to a rule of everyday practice, this means that the campaign against a given malefactor must begin a good while before the capital accusation—that is, the accusation upon which a verdict of guilty is sought—is formally brought forward. There must be a shelling of the fortress before the assault; suspicion must precede indignation. If this preliminary work is neglected or ineptly performed, the result is apt to be a collapse of

the campaign. The public is not ready to switch from confidence to doubt on the instant; if its general attitude toward a man is sympathetic, that sympathy is likely to survive even a very vigorous attack. The accomplished mob-master lays his course accordingly. His first aim is to arouse suspicion, to break down the presumption of innocence—supposing, of course, that he finds it to exist. He knows that he must plant a seed, and tend it long and lovingly, before he may pluck his dragon-flower. He knows that all storms of emotion, however suddenly they may seem to come up, have their origin over the rim of consciousness, and that their gathering is really a slow, slow business. I mix the figures shamelessly, as mob-masters mix their brews!

It is this persistence of an attitude which gives a certain degree of immunity to all newcomers in office, even in the face of sharp and resourceful assault. For example, a new president. The majority in favor of him on Inauguration Day is usually overwhelming, no matter how small his plurality in the November preceding, for common self-respect demands that the people magnify his virtues: to deny them would be a confession of national failure, a destructive criticism of the Republic. And that benignant disposition commonly survives until his first year in office is more than half gone. The public prejudice is wholly on his side: his critics find it difficult to arouse any indignation against him, even when the offenses they lay to him are in violation of the fundamental axioms of popular morality. This explains why it was that Mr. Wilson was so little damaged by the charge of federal interference in the Diggs-Caminetti case—a charge well supported by the evidence brought forward, and involving a serious violation of popular notions of virtue. And this explains, too, why he survived the oratorical pilgrimages of his Secretary of State at a time of serious international difficulty—pilgrimages apparently undertaken with his approval, and hence at his political risk and cost. The people were still in favor of him, and so he was not brought to irate and drum-head judgment. No roar of indignation arose to the heavens. The opposition newspapers, with sure instinct, felt the irresistible force of public opinion on his side, and so they ceased their clamor very quickly.

But it is just such a slow accumulation of pin-pricks, each apparently harmless in itself, that finally draws blood; it is by just such a leisurely and insidious process that the presumption of innocence is destroyed, and a hospitality to suspicion created. The campaign against Governor Sulzer in New York offers a classic example of this process in operation, with very skillful gentlemen, journalistic and political, in control of it. The charges on which Governor Sulzer was finally brought to impeachment were not launched at him out of a clear sky, nor while the primary presumption in his favor remained unshaken. Not at all. They were launched at a carefully selected and critical moment—at the end, to wit, of a long and well-managed series of minor attacks. The fortress of his popularity was bombarded a long while before it was assaulted. He was pursued with insinuations and innuendoes; various persons, more or

less dubious, were led to make various charges, more or less vague, against him; the managers of the campaign sought to poison the plain people with doubts, misunderstandings, suspicions. This effort, so diligently made, was highly successful; and so the capital charges, when they were brought forward at last, had the effect of confirmations, of corroborations, of proofs. But if Tammany had made them during the first few months of Governor Sulzer's term, while all doubts were yet in his favor, it would have got only scornful laughter for its pains. The ground had to be prepared; the public mind had to be put into training.

The end of my space is near, and I find that I have written of popular morality very copiously, and of newspaper morality very little. But, as I have said before, the one is the other. The newspaper must adapt its pleading to its clients' moral limitations, just as the trial lawyer must adapt his pleading to the jury's limitations. Neither may like the job, but both must face it to gain a larger end. And that end, I believe, is a worthy one in the newspaper's case quite as often as in the lawyer's, and perhaps far oftener. The art of leading the vulgar, in itself, does no discredit to its practitioner. Lincoln practiced it unashamed, and so did Webster, Clay, and Henry. What is more, these men practiced it with frank allowance for the naïveté of the people they presumed to lead. It was Lincoln's chief source of strength, indeed, that he had a homely way with him, that he could reduce complex problems to the simple terms of popular theory and emotion, that he did not ask little fishes to think and act like whales. This is the manner in which the newspapers do their work, and in the long run, I am convinced, they accomplish about as much good as harm thereby. Dishonesty, of course, is not unknown among them: we have newspapers in this land which apply a truly devilish technical skill to the achievement of unsound and unworthy ends. But not as many of them as perfectionists usually allege. Taking one with another, they strive in the right direction. They realize the massive fact that the plain people, for all their poverty of wit, cannot be fooled forever. They have a healthy fear of that heathen rage which so often serves their uses.

Look back a generation or two. Consider the history of our democracy since the Civil War. Our most serious problems, it must be plain, have been solved orgiastically, and to the tune of deafening newspaper urging and clamor. Men have been washed into office on waves of emotion, and washed out again in the same manner. Measures and policies have been determined by indignation far more often than by cold reason. But is the net result evil? Is there even any permanent damage from those debauches of sentiment in which the newspapers have acted insincerely, unintelligently, with no thought save for the show itself? I doubt it. The effect of their long and melodramatic chase of bosses is an undoubted improvement in our whole governmental method. The boss of to-day is not an envied first citizen, but a criminal constantly on trial. He himself is debarred from all public offices of honor, and his

control over other public officers grows less and less. Elections are no longer boldly stolen; the humblest citizen may go to the polls in safety and cast his vote honestly; the machine grows less dangerous year by year; perhaps it is already less dangerous than a _camorra_ of utopian and dehumanized reformers would be. We begin to develop an official morality which actually rises above our private morality. Bribe-takers are sent to jail by the votes of jurymen who give presents in their daily business, and are not above beating the street-car company.

And so, too, in narrower fields. The white-slave agitation of a year or so ago was ludicrously extravagant and emotional, but its net effect is a better conscience, a new alertness. The newspapers discharged broadsides of 12-inch guns to bring down a flock of buzzards—but they brought down the buzzards. They have libeled and lynched the police—but the police are the better for it. They have represented salicylic acid as an elder brother to bichloride of mercury—but we are poisoned less than we used to be. They have lifted the plain people to frenzies of senseless terror over drinking-cups and neighbors with coughs—but the death-rate from tuberculosis declines. They have railroaded men to prison, denying them all their common rights—but fewer malefactors escape to-day than yesterday.

The way of ethical progress is not straight. It describes, to risk a mathematical pun, a sort of drunken hyperbola. But if we thus move onward and upward by leaps and bounces, it is certainly better than not moving at all. Each time, perhaps, we slip back, but each time we stop at a higher level.

NEWSPAPER MORALS: A REPLY

BY RALPH PULITZER

The striking article in the March _Atlantic_ by Mr. Henry L. Mencken, on “Newspaper Morals,” is so full of palpable facts supporting plausible fallacies that simple justice to press and “proletariat” seems to render proper a few thoughts in answer to it.

Mr. Mencken’s main facts, summarized, are as follows: that press and public often approach public questions too superficially and sentimentally; that the sense of proportion is too often lost in the heat of campaigns; that the truth is too often obscured by the intrusion of irrelevant personalities; and that after the intemperate extremes of reform waves there always come reactions into indifference to the evils but yesterday so furiously fought.

Mr. Mencken’s fallacies are: the supercilious assumption that these

weaknesses are not matters of human temperament running up and down through a certain proportion of every division of society, but that, on the contrary, they are class affairs, never tainting the educated classes, but limited to “the man in the street,” “the rabble,” “the mob”; that apparently the emotionalizing of public questions by the press is to be censured in principle and sneered at in practice; that it means a deliberate truckling by the newspapers to the ignorant tastes of the masses when the press fights a public evil by attacking, with argument and indignation mingled, a man who personifies that evil, instead of opposing the general principle of that evil with a wholly passionless intellectualism.

A general fallacy which affects Mr. Mencken’s whole article lies in criticising as offenses against “newspaper morals” those imperfections which, where they exist at all, could properly be criticised only under such criteria as suggested by “Newspaper Intellectuals,” or “Newspapers as the Exponents of Pure Reason.”

Mr. Mencken first exposes and deprecates the “aim” of the newspapers to “knock somebody on the head every day,” “to please the crowd, to give a good show, by first selecting a deserving victim and then putting him magnificently to the torture,” and even to fight “constructive campaigns for good government in exactly the same gothic, melodramatic way.”

Now “muck-raking” rather than incense-burning is not a deliberate aim so much as a spontaneous instinct of the average newspaper. Nor is there anything either mysterious or reprehensible about this. The public, of all degrees, is more interested in hitting Wrong than in praising Right, because fortunately we are still in an optimistic state of society, where Right is taken for granted and Wrong contains the element of the unusual and abnormal. If the day shall ever come when papers will be able to “expose” Right and regard Wrong as a foregone conclusion, they will doubtless quickly reverse their treatment of the two. In an Ali Baba’s cave it might be natural for a paper to discover some man’s honesty; in a yoshiwara it might be reasonable for it to expatiate on some woman’s virtue. But while honesty and virtue and rightness are assumed to be the normal condition of men and women and things in general, it does not seem either extraordinary or culpable that people and press should be more interested in the polemical than in the platitudinous; in blame than in painting the lily; in attack than in sending laudatory coals to Newcastle. It scarcely needs remark, however, that when the element of surprise is introduced by some deed of exceptional heroism or abnegation or inspiration, the newspapers are not slow in giving it publicity and praise.

Mr. Mencken finds it deplorable that “a very definite limit is set, not only upon the people’s capacity for grasping intellectual concepts, but also upon their capacity for grasping moral concepts”; that, therefore, it is necessary “to visualize their cause in some definite and defiant

opponent ... by translating all arguments for a principle into rage against a man." Far be it from me to deny that people and papers are too prone to get diverted from the pursuit of some principle by acrimonious personalities wholly ungermane to that principle. But the protest against this should not lead to unfair extremes in the opposite direction. If Mr. Mencken's ideal is a nation of philosophers calmly agreeing on the abstract desirability of honesty while serenely ignoring the specific picking of their own pockets, we have no ground for argument. But until we reach such a semi-imbecile Utopia, it would seem to be no reflection on "the people's" intellectual or moral concepts that they should refuse to excite themselves over any theoretical wrong until their attention is focused on some practical manifestation of it, in the concrete acts of some specific individual.

May I add, parenthetically, that some papers and many acutely intellectual gentlemen find it far more convenient and comfortable to generalize virtuously than to particularize virtuously? Nor does it require merely moral or physical courage to reduce the safely general to the disagreeably personal. It requires no despicable amount of intellectual acumen as well.

Mr. Mencken next proceeds to "assume here, as an axiom too obvious to be argued, that the chief appeal of a newspaper in all such holy causes is not at all to the educated and reflective minority of citizens, but to the ignorant and unreflective majority." On the contrary, it is very far from being "too obvious to be argued." A great many persons of guaranteed education are sadly destitute of any reflectiveness whatsoever, while an appalling number of "the ignorant" have the effrontery to be able to reflect very efficiently. This is apart from the fact that the general intelligence among many of the ignorant is matched only by the abysmal stupidity of many of the educated.

Thus it is that the decent paper makes its appeal on public questions to the numerically large body of reflective "ignorance" and to the numerically small body of reflective education, leaving it to the demagogic papers, which are the exception at one end, to inflame the unreflective ignorant, and to the sycophantic papers at the other end to pander to the unreflective educated.

As to Mr. Mencken's charge that he knows of "no subject, save perhaps baseball, on which the average American newspaper discourses with unfailing sense and understanding," I know of no subject at all, even including baseball, on which the most exceptionally gifted man in the world discourses with unfailing sense and understanding. But I do know this: that, considering the immense range of subjects which the American paper is called upon to discuss, and its meagre limits of time in which to prepare for such discussion, the failings of that paper in sense and understanding are probably rarer than would be those under the same conditions of Mr. Mencken's most fastidious selection.

“But,” Mr. Mencken continues, “whenever the public journals presume to illuminate such a matter as municipal taxation, for example, or the extension of local transportation facilities, or the punishment of public or private criminals, or the control of public-service corporations, or the revision of city charters, the chief effect of their effort is to introduce into it a host of extraneous issues, most of them wholly emotional, and so they continue to make it unintelligible to all earnest seekers after truth.” Here again it is all a matter of point of view. If Mr. Mencken’s earnest seekers after truth wish to evolve ideological schemes of municipal taxation, or supramundane extensions of transportation facilities, or transcendental control of public-service corporations, or academic revisions of city charters, then, indeed, the newspaper discussions of these questions would be bewildering to these visionary workers in the realms of pure reason. For the newspapers “presume” to regard these questions, not as theoretical problems, to be solved under theoretical conditions, on theoretical populations, to theoretical perfection, but as workable projects for a workaday world, in which the most beautiful abstract reasoning must stand the test of flesh-and-blood conditions; they regard emotional issues as so far, indeed, from being extraneous that the human nature of the humblest men and women must be weighed in the balance against the nicest syllogisms of the precisest logic. And this is nothing that Mr. Mencken need condescend to apologize for so long as “newspaper morals” are under discussion. For it must be obvious that the honest exposition and analysis of public questions from a human as well as a scientific point of view is a higher moral service to the community than an exclusively scientific, wholly unsympathetic search after truth by those who regard populations as mere subjects for the demonstration of principles.

It is precisely the honorable prerogative of newspapers not only to clarify but to vivify, to galvanize dead hypotheses into living questions, to make the educated and the ignorant alike feel that public questions should interest and stir all good citizens and not merely engross social philosophers and political theorists.

But here let me avoid joining Mr. Mencken in the pitfall of generalizations, by drawing a sharp distinction between the great run of decent papers which do honestly emotionalize public questions and the relatively few papers which unscrupulously _hystericalize_ these questions.

Mr. Mencken is entirely correct when he admits that this emotionalizing brings these problems down to a “man’s comprehension, and, what is more important, within the range of his active sympathies.” But he again shows a very unfortunate class arrogance when he identifies this man as “the man in the street.” If Mr. Mencken searched earnestly enough after truth, he would find this man to be about as extensively the man at the

ticker, the man in the motor-car, the man at the operating table, the man in the pulpit. In the same vein he continues that the only papers which discuss good government unemotionally “are diligently avoided by the _mob_.” If Mr. Mencken only included with his proletariat the mob of stockbrokers and doctors and engineers and lawyers and college graduates generally, who refuse to read these logical and unemotional discussions, he would unfortunately be quite right. It would be a beautiful thing indeed if we had with us to-day one hundred millions of “earnest seekers after truth,” all busily engaged in discussing “good government in the abstract,” “logically and unemotionally.” If they were only thus dispassionately busied, it is quite true that things would not be as at present, when “they are always ready for a man hunt and their favorite quarry is a man of politics. If no such prey is at hand, they will turn to wealthy debauchees, to fallen Sunday-school superintendents, to money barons, to white-slave traders.” In those halcyon times the one hundred million calm abstractionists would discuss the influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on bosses, or, failing this, the ultimate effect of wealth on eroticism, the obscure relations between proselyting and decadence, or the effect of the white-slave traffic on the gold reserve.

But in our present unregenerate epoch Mr. Mencken is quite right in holding that it is generally the specific evils of government or society which bring about reform waves, which in turn crystallize themselves into general principles. It is a shockingly practical process, I admit; but then, we are a shockingly practical people, who prefer sordid results to inspired theories. And at that we are not in such bad company. For in no country in the world is there such a thing as a “revealed” civilization. On the contrary, civilization has always been for the most part purely empirical, and progress will ever remain so.

There is, therefore, cause not for shame but for pride when a newspaper reveals some specific iniquity, and by not merely expounding its isolated character to the public intelligence, but also by interpreting its general menace to the public imagination and bringing home its inherent evil to the public conscience, arouses that public to social legislation, criminal prosecution, or political reform.

Mr. Mencken next assaults once more his unfortunate “man in the street” by declaring that “it is always as a game, of course, that the man in the street views moral endeavor.... His interest in it is almost always a sporting interest.” On the contrary, here at last we have a case where a class distinction can fairly be drawn. “The man in the street” is a naïve man who takes his melodrama seriously, who believes robustly in blacks and whites without subtilizing them into intermediate shades, for whom villains and heroes really exist. He is the last person on earth to view the moral endeavor of a political or social campaign as a game. It is the supercilious class, with its sophistication and attendant cynicism, to whom such campaigns tend to take on the aspect of sporting events and games of skill.

But it is not necessary to go into the details of Mr. Mencken's theory as to the depraved nature of popular participation in political reform. Its gist is contained in his truly shocking statement that the war on the Tweed ring and its extirpation was to the "plain people" nothing but "sport royal"! Any one who can take one of the most inspiring civic victories in the history, not alone of a city, but of a nation, and degrade the spirit that brought it about to the level of the cockpit or the bull ring, supplies an argument that needs no reinforcing against his prejudices on this whole subject.

Mr. Mencken justly deplores the reactions which follow upon reform successes, but unjustly concentrates the blame on the fickleness of "the rabble." This evil is not a matter of mob-psychology but of unstable human nature, high and low. These revulsions and reactions are the shame, impartially, of all classes of our communities. They permeate the educated atmosphere of fastidious clubs as extensively as they do the ignorant miasma of vulgar saloons. If they induce the "ignorant and unreflective" plebeian to sit in his shirt-sleeves with his legs up, resting his feet, on election day, instead of doing his duty at the polls, do they not equally congest the golf links with "earnest seekers after truth" busily engaged in sacrificing ballots to Bogeys?

I wholly agree with Mr. Mencken's strictures on the public morality which holds it to be a relevant defense for a ballot-box stuffer "that he is kind to his little children." The sentimentalism which so frequently perverts a proper public conception of public morality is sickening. But here again the indictment should be against average human nature, educated or ignorant, and not against the "man in the street" as a class and alone. To this man the fact that the ballot-box stuffer is kind to his little children may carry more weight than to the man of education and culture. To the latter the fact that some monopoly-breeding, law-defying, legislation-bribing, railroad-wrecking gentleman is kind to his fellow citizens by donating to them picture galleries and free libraries may carry more weight than to the former. Is not the one just as much as the other "ready to let feeling triumph over every idea of abstract justice"?

Again, with Mr. Mencken's prescription for making a successful newspaper crusade there can be no quarrel, save that here once more he suggests, by referring to the newspaper as a "mob-master," that these methods are exclusively applicable to the same long-suffering "man in the street." These methods on which Mr. Mencken elaborates are the rather obvious ones used by every lawyer, clergyman, statesman, or publicist the world over who has a forensic fight to make and win against some public evil—accusation, iteration, cumulation, and climax. If these methods are used by "mob-masters," they are equally used by snob-servants, and incidentally by the great mass of honest newspapers which are neither the one thing nor the other.

At the end of his article, having set up a man of straw which he found it impossible to knock down, Mr. Mencken patronizingly pats it on the back:—

“The newspaper must adapt its pleading to its client’s moral limitations, just as the trial lawyer must adapt his pleading to the jury’s limitations. Neither may like the job, but both must face it to gain a larger end. And that end is a worthy one in the newspaper’s case quite as often as in the lawyer’s, and perhaps far oftener. The art of leading the vulgar in itself does no discredit to its practitioner. Lincoln practised it unashamed, and so did Webster, Clay, and Henry.”

Alas for this well-intentioned effort at amends! It is impossible to agree with Mr. Mencken even here when he praises press and public with such faint damnation.

A decent newspaper does not and must not adapt its pleadings to its clients’ moral limitations. Intellectual limitations? Yes. It is restricted by a line beyond which intelligence and education alike would be at sea, and which only specialists and experts would understand. But moral limitations? No. The paper in this regard is less like the lawyer and more like the judge. A judge can properly adapt his charge in simplicity of form to the intellectual limitations of the jury, but it will scarcely be contended that he may adapt his charge in its substance to the moral limitations of the jury. No more can any self-respecting paper palter with what it believes to be the right and the truth because of any moral limitations in its constituency. Demagogic papers may do it. Class-catering papers may do it. But the decent press which lies between does not thus stultify itself.

And now to Mr. Mencken’s condescending conclusion:—

“Our most serious problems, it must be plain, have been solved orgiastically and to the tune of deafening newspaper urging and clamor.... But is the net result evil?... I doubt it.... The way of ethical progress is not straight.... But if we thus move onward and upward by leaps and bounces, it is certainly better than not moving at all. Each time, perhaps, we slip back, but each time we stop at a higher level.”

Why, then, sweepingly reflect on the morals of the press, if by humanizing abstract principles, by emotionalizing academic doctrines, by personifying general theories, it has accomplished this progress? Granted that in the heat of battle it fails to handle the cold conceptions of austere philosophers with proper scientific etiquette. Granted that it makes blunders in technical statements which to the preciousness of specialists seem inexcusable. Granted that it mixes its science and its sentiment in a manner to shock the gentlemen of

disembodied intellects. Granted that the press has many more such intellectual peccadilloes on its conscience.

But if the press does these things honestly, it does them morally, and does not need to excuse them by their results, even though these results are in very truth infinitely more precious to humanity than could be those obtained by the chill endeavors of what Mr. Mencken himself, with the perfect accuracy of would-be irony, describes as "a Camorra of Utopian and dehumanized reformers."

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.

from Project Gutenberg's *The Sea and its Living Wonders*, by George Hartwig

Its Causes.--Noctiluca miliaris.--Phosphorescent Annelides and Beroës.--Intense Phosphorescence of the Pyrosoma atlantica.--Luminous Pholades.--The luminous Shark.--Phosphorescent Algæ.--Citations from Byron, Coleridge, and Crabbe.

He who still lingers on the shore after the shades of evening have descended, not seldom enjoys a most magnificent spectacle; for lucid flashes burst from the bosom of the waters, as if the sea were anxious to restore to the darkened heavens the light it had received from them during the day. On approaching the margin of the rising flood to examine more closely the sparkling of the breaking wave, the spreading waters seem to cover the beach with a sheet of fire. Each footstep over the moist sands elicits luminous star-like points, and a splash in the water resembles the awakening of slumbering flames.

The same wonderful and beauteous aspect frequently gladdens the eye of the navigator who ploughs his way through the wide deserts of ocean, particularly if his course leads him through the tropical seas.

"When a vessel," says Humboldt, "driven along by a fresh wind, divides the foaming waters, one never wearies of the lovely spectacle their agitation affords; for, whenever a wave makes the ship incline sideways, bluish or reddish flames seem to shoot upwards from the keel. Beautiful beyond description is the sight of a troop of dolphins gambolling in the phosphorescent sea. Every furrow they draw through the waters is marked by streaks of intense light. In the Gulf of Cariaco, between Cumana and the peninsula of Maniquarez, this scene has often delighted me for hours."

But even in the colder oceanic regions the brilliant phenomenon appears from time to time in its full glory. During a dark and stormy September night, on the way from the Sea-lion island, Saint George, to Unalaschka, Chamisso admired as beautiful a phosphorescence of the ocean as he

had ever witnessed in the tropical seas. Sparks of light, remaining attached to the sails that had been wetted by the spray, continued to glow in another element. Near the south point of Kamtschatka, at a water-temperature hardly above freezing point, Ermann saw the sea no less luminous than during a seven months' sojourn in the tropical ocean. This distinguished traveller positively denies that warmth decidedly favours the luminosity of the sea.

At Cape Colborn, one of the desolate promontories of the desolate Victoria Land, the phosphoric gleaming of the waves on the 6th September, when darkness closed in, was so intense that Simpson assures us he had seldom seen anything more brilliant. The boats seemed to cleave a flood of molten silver, and the spray dashed from their bows, before the fresh breeze, fell back in glittering showers into the deep.

Mr. Charles Darwin paints in vivid colours the magnificent spectacle presented by the sea, while sailing in the latitudes of Cape Horn on a very dark night.

There was a fresh breeze, and every part of the surface, which during the day is seen as foam, now glowed with a pale light. The vessel drove before her bows two billows of liquid phosphorus, and in her wake she was followed by a milky train. As far as the eye reached, the crest of every wave was bright, and the sky above the horizon, from the reflected glare of these livid flames, was not so utterly obscure as over the rest of the heavens.

While "La Venus" was at anchor before Simon's Town, the breaking of the waves produced so strong a light that the room in which the naturalists of the expedition were seated was illumined as by sudden flashes of lightning. Although more than fifty paces from the beach where the phenomenon took place, they tried to read by this wondrous oceanic light, but the successive glimpses were of too short duration to gratify their wishes.

Thus we see the same nocturnal splendour which shines forth in the tropical seas, and gleams along our shores, burst forth from the arctic waters, and from the waves that bathe the southern promontories of the old and the new worlds.

But what is the cause of the beautiful phenomenon so widely spread over the face of ocean? How comes it that at certain times flames issue from the bosom of an element generally so hostile to their appearance?

Without troubling the reader with the groundless surmises of ancient naturalists, or repeating the useless tales of the past, I shall at once place myself with him on the stage of our actual knowledge of this interesting and mysterious subject. It is now no longer a matter of doubt that many of the inferior marine animals possess the faculty of secreting

a luminous matter, and thus adding their mite to the grand phenomenon. When we consider their countless multitudes, we shall no longer wonder at such magnificent effects being produced by creatures individually so insignificant.

[Illustration: *Noctiluca miliaris*. (Highly magnified.)]

In our seas it is chiefly a minute gelatinous animal, the *Noctiluca miliaris*, most probably an aberrant member of the infusorial group, which, as it were, repeats the splendid spectacle of the starry heavens on the surface of the ocean. In form it is nearly globular, presenting on one side a groove, from the anterior extremity of which issues a peculiar curved stalk or appendage, marked by transverse lines, which might seem to be made use of as an organ of locomotion. Near the base of this tentacle is placed the mouth, which passes into a dilatable digestive cavity, leading, according to Mr. Huxley, to a distinct anal orifice. From the rather firm external coat proceed thread-like prolongations through the softer mass of the body, so as to divide it into irregular chambers. This little creature, which is just large enough to be discerned by the naked eye when the water in which it may be swimming is contained in a glass jar exposed to the light, seems to feed on diatoms, as their loricae may frequently be detected in its interior. It multiplies by spontaneous fission, and the rapidity of this process may be inferred from the immensity of its numbers. A single bucket of luminous sea-water will often contain thousands, while for miles and miles every wave breaking on the shore expands in a sheet of living flame. It was first described by Forster in the Pacific Ocean; it occurs on all the shores of the Atlantic, and the Polar Seas are illuminated by its fairy light. "The nature of its luminosity," says Dr. Carpenter, "is found by microscopic examination to be very peculiar; for what appears to the eye to be a uniform glow is resolvable under a sufficient magnifying power into a multitude of evanescent scintillations, and these are given forth with increased intensity whenever the body of the animal receives any mechanical shock."

The power of emitting a phosphorescent light is widely diffused both among the free-swimming and the sessile *Cœlenterata*. Many of the *Physophoridae* are remarkable for its manifestation, and a great number of the jelly-fishes are luminous. Our own *Thaumantias lucifera*, a small and by no means rare medusid, displays the phenomenon in a very beautiful manner, for, when irritated by contact of fresh water, it marks its position by a vivid circlet of tiny stars, each shining from the base of a tentacle. A remarkable greenish light, like that of burning silver, may also be seen to glow from many of our *Sertularians*, becoming much brighter under various modes of excitation.

Among the *Ctenophora* the large *Cestum Veneris* of the Mediterranean is specially distinguished for its luminosity, and while moving beneath the surface of the water gleams at night like a brilliant band of flame.

The Sea-pens are eminently phosphorescent, shining at night with a golden-green light of a most wonderful softness. When touched, every branchlet above the shock emits a phosphoric glow, while all the polyps beneath remain in darkness. When thrown into fresh water or alcohol, they scatter sparks about in all directions, a most beautiful sight; dying, as it were, in a halo of glory.

But of all the marine animals the Pyrosomas, doing full justice to their name (fire-bodies) seem to emit the most vivid coruscations. Bibra relates in his "Travels to Chili" that he once caught half a dozen of these remarkable light-bearers, by whose phosphorescence he could distinctly read their own description in a naturalist's vade-mecum. Although completely dark when at rest the slightest touch sufficed to elicit their clear blue-green light. During a voyage to India, Mr. Bennett had occasion to admire the magnificent spectacle afforded by whole shoals of Pyrosomas. The ship, proceeding at a rapid rate, continued during an entire night to pass through distinct but extensive fields of these molluscs, floating and glowing as they floated on all sides of her course. Enveloped in a flame of bright phosphorescent light, and gleaming with a greenish lustre, the Pyrosomes, in vast sheets, upwards of a mile in breadth, and stretching out till lost in the distance, presented a sight, the glory of which may be easily imagined. The vessel, as it cleaved the gleaming mass, threw up strong flashes of light, as if ploughing through liquid fire, which illuminated the hull, the sails, and the ropes, with a strange unearthly radiance.

In his memoir on the Pyrosoma, M. Péron describes with lively colours the circumstances under which he first made its discovery, during a dark and stormy night, in the tropical Atlantic. "The sky," says this distinguished naturalist, "was on all sides loaded with heavy clouds; all around the obscurity was profound; the wind blew violently, and the ship cut her way with rapidity. Suddenly we discovered at some distance a great phosphorescent band stretched across the waves, and occupying an immense tract in advance of the ship. Heightened by the surrounding circumstances, the effect of this spectacle was romantic, imposing, sublime, rivetting the attention of all on board. Soon we reached the illuminated tract, and perceived that the prodigious brightness was certainly and only attributable to the presence of an innumerable multitude of largish animals floating with the waves. From their swimming at different depths they took apparently different forms: those at the greatest depth were very indefinite, presenting much the appearance of great masses of fire, or rather of enormous red-hot cannon balls; whilst those more distinctly seen near the surface perfectly resembled incandescent cylinders of iron.

"Taken from the water, these animals entirely resembled each other in form, colour, substance, and the property of phosphorescence, differing only in their sizes, which varied from three to seven inches. The

large, longish tubercles with which the exterior of the Pyrosomes was bristled were of a firmer substance, and more transparent than the rest of the body, and were brilliant and polished like diamonds. These were the principal scene of phosphorescence. Between these large tubercles, smaller ones, shorter and more obtuse, could be distinguished; these also were phosphorescent. Lastly, in the interior of the substance of the animal, could be seen, by the aid of the transparency, a number of little, elongated, narrow bodies (viscera), which also participated in a high degree in the possession of the phosphoric light."

In the Pholades or Lithodomes, that bore their dwellings in the hard stone, as other shell-fish do in the loose sands, the whole mass of the body is permeated with light. Pliny gives us a short but animated description of the phenomenon in the edible date-shell of the Mediterranean (*Pholas dactylus*):--

"It is in the nature of the pholades to shine in the darkness with their own light, which is the more intense as the animal is more juicy. While eating them, they shine in the mouth and on the hands, nay, even the drops falling from them upon the ground continue to emit light, a sure proof that the luminosity we admire in them is associated with their juice." Milne-Edwards found this observation perfectly correct, for wishing to place some living pholades in alcohol, he saw a luminous matter exude from their bodies, which on account of its weight sank in the liquid, covering the bottom of the vessel, and there forming a deposit as shining as when it was in contact with the air.

Several kinds of fishes likewise possess the luminous faculty. The sun-fish, that strange deformity, emits a phosphoric gleam; and a species of Gurnard (*Trigla lucerna*) is said to sparkle in the night, so as to form fiery streams through the water.

[Illustration: Short Sun-Fish.]

With regard to the luminosity of the larger marine animals, Ermann, however, remarks that he so often saw small luminous crustacea in the abdominal cavity of the transparent *Salpa pinnata*, that it may well be asked whether the phosphorescence of the larger creatures is not in reality owing to that of their smaller companions.

According to Mr. Bennett, "Whaling Voyage round the Globe," a species of shark first discovered by himself is distinguished by an uncommonly strong emission of light. When the specimen, taken at night, was removed into a dark apartment, it afforded a very interesting spectacle. The entire inferior surface of the body and head emitted a vivid and greenish phosphorescent gleam, imparting to the creature by its own light a truly ghastly and terrific appearance. The luminous effect was constant, and not perceptibly increased by agitation or friction. When the shark expired, (which was not until it had been out of the water more than

three hours,) the luminous appearance faded entirely from the abdomen, and more gradually from other parts; lingering longest around the jaws and on the fins.

The only part of the under surface of the animal which was free from luminosity was the black collar round the throat; and while the inferior surface of the pectoral, anal, and caudal fins shone with splendour, their superior surface (including the upper lobe of the tail fin) was in darkness, as were also the dorsal fins, and the back and summit of the head.

Mr. Bennett is inclined to believe that the luminous power of this shark resides in a peculiar secretion from the skin. It was his first impression that the fish had accidentally contracted some phosphorescent matter from the sea, or from the net in which it was captured; but the most rigid investigation did not confirm this suspicion, while the uniformity with which the luminous gleam occupied certain portions of the body and fins, its permanence during life, and decline and cessation upon the approach and occurrence of death, did not leave a doubt in his mind but that it was a vital principle essential to the economy of the animal. The small size of the fins would appear to denote that this fish is not active in swimming; and, since it is highly predaceous and evidently of nocturnal habits, we may perhaps indulge in the hypothesis, that the phosphorescent power it possesses is of use to attract its prey, upon the same principle as the Polynesian islanders and others employ torches in night-fishing.

Some of the lower sea-plants also appear to be luminous. Thus, over a space of more than 600 miles (between lat. 8° N. and 2° S.), Meyen saw the ocean covered with phosphorescent *Oscillatoria*, grouped together into small balls or globules, from the size of a poppy-seed to that of a lentil.

But if the luminosity of the ocean generally proceeds from living creatures, it sometimes also arises from putrefying organic fibres and membranes, resulting from the decomposition of those living light-bearers. "Sometimes," says Humboldt, "even a high magnifying power is unable to discover any animals in the phosphorescent water, and yet light gleams forth wherever a wave strikes against a hard body and dissolves in foam. The cause of this phenomenon lies then most likely in the putrefying fibres of dead mollusks, which are mixed with the waters in countless numbers."

Summing up the foregoing in a few words, it is thus an indisputable fact, that the phosphorescence of the sea is by no means an electrical or magnetic property of the water, but exclusively bound to organic matter, living or dead. But although thus much has been ascertained, we have as yet only advanced one step towards the unravelling of the mystery, and its proximate cause remains an open question. Unfortunately, science

is still unable to give a positive answer, and we are obliged to be contented with a more or less plausible hypothesis. When we consider that the phosphorescence most commonly resides only in the outward mucous covering of the body, in which a number of particles cast off by the skin are continually undergoing decomposition, the phenomenon seems to be a simple chemical process, during which more or less phosphorus may be disengaged, which by agitation or friction gives rise to the emission of light. It is more difficult to explain those cases in which the entire mass of the body is luminous (as in *Pholas*), or the muscular substance (as in some *Annelides*), or the vibratory cilia (as in the *Beroës*); and here we do better to confess our entire ignorance, than to resort to the hypothesis of electrical discharges, extremely improbable in an element which is so excellent an electrical conductor, and particularly when we consider that no emission of light takes place in the few and powerful electrical fishes we are acquainted with.

We know as little of what utility marine phosphorescence may be. Why do the countless myriads of *Mammariæ* gleam and sparkle along our coasts? Is it to signify their presence to other animals, and direct them to the spot where they may find abundance of food? So much is certain, that so grand and wide-spread a phenomenon must necessarily serve some end equally grand and important.

As the phosphorescence of the sea is owing to living creatures, it must naturally show itself in its greatest brilliancy when the ocean is at rest; for during the daytime we find the surface of the waters most peopled with various animals when only a slight zephyr glides over the sea. In stormy weather, the fragile or gelatinous world of the lower marine creatures generally seeks a greater depth, until the elementary strife has ceased, when it again loves to sport in the warmer or more cheerful superficial waters.

In the tropical zone, Humboldt saw the sea most brilliantly luminous before a storm, when the air was sultry, and the sky covered with clouds. In the North Sea we observe the phenomenon most commonly during fine tranquil autumnal nights; but it may be seen at every season of the year, even when the cold is most intense. Its appearance is, however, extremely capricious; for, under seemingly unaltered circumstances, the sea may one night be very luminous, and the next quite dark. Often months, or even years, pass by without witnessing it in full perfection. Does this result from a peculiar state of the atmosphere, or do the little animals love to migrate from one part of the coast to another?

It is remarkable that the ancients should have taken so little notice of oceanic phosphorescence. The "*Periplus*" of Hanno contains perhaps the only passage in which the phenomenon is described. To the south of Cerne the Carthaginian navigator saw the sea burn, as it were, with streams of fire. Pliny, in whom the miracle (*_miraculum_*, as he calls it) of the date-shell excited so lively an admiration, and who must often have

seen the sea gleam with phosphoric light, as the passage proves where he mentions in a few dry words the luminous gurnard (*Lucerna*) stretching out a fiery tongue, has no exclamation of delight for one of the most beautiful sights in nature. Homer also, who has given us so many charming descriptions of the sea in its ever-changing aspects, and who so often leads us with long-suffering Ulysses through the nocturnal floods, never once makes them blaze or sparkle in his immortal hexameters.

Even modern poets mention the phenomenon but rarely. Camoens himself, whom Humboldt, on account of his beautiful oceanic descriptions, calls, above all others, the "poet of the sea," forgets to sing it in his *Lusiad*. Byron in his "Corsair" has a few lines on the subject:

"Flash'd the dipt oars, and, sparkling with the stroke,
Around the waves phosphoric brightness broke;"

but contents himself, as we see, with coldly mentioning a phenomenon so worthy of all a poet's enthusiasm. In Coleridge's wondrous ballad of "The ancient Mariner" we find a warmer description:

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And, when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire--
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black:
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

These indeed are lines whose brilliancy emulates the splendour of the phenomenon they depict, but even they are hardly more beautiful than Crabbe's admirable description:

"And now your view upon the ocean turn,
And there the splendour of the waves discern;
Cast but a stone, or strike them with an oar,
And you shall flames within the deep explore;
Or scoop the stream phosphoric as you stand,
And the cold flames shall flash along your hand;
When, lost in wonder, you shall walk and gaze
On weeds that sparkle, and on waves that blaze."

Or than the graphic numbers of Sir Walter Scott:

"Awak'd before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,

Those lightnings of the wave;
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides.
And flashing round, the vessel's sides
With elfish lustre lave;
While, far behind, their livid light
To the dark billows of the night
A blooming splendour gave."

ENCIRCLING NAVAJO MOUNTAIN WITH A PACK-TRAIN

**An Expedition to a Hitherto Untraversed
Region
of Our Southwest Discovers a New Route to
Rainbow Natural Bridge**

By Charles L. Bernheimer

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author
February 1923 - *National Geographic Magazine*

PARADISE for the faultfinder, for here he would have plenty to find fault with; "The land that God forgot," in the language of my guides who have an eye to happy grazing and hunting grounds; a veritable store house of delights for the sympathetic explorer—such is the broad desert country east of the Colorado River, south of the San Juan River, west of Navajo Mountain, and north of the Little Colorado River, stretching along the Arizona-Utah border (see map, page 198). It is a desert of unique character—it is neither flat nor sterile. The voyager's eye is constantly confronted with startling vistas. A disorderly, unsymmetrical rock jumble, rugged beyond description, suddenly dissolves into a well-ordered canyon inclosed by cliffs, a thousand or more feet high, perpendicular and as straight as if carved with a knife. Caves, often chains of caves, hundreds of feet deep and wide, the shape of an egg-shell and equally as smooth as its inner surface, stir the imagination, for

many of those having a southerly exposure were the dwelling-places of prehistoric races of men.

With a suddenness inconceivable to the uninitiated, yet so familiar in these reaches of surprise, the barren, waterless, and soilless rock masses disappear and one is confronted with an oasis.

A cleft in the rocks serves as the gateway to a veritable Garden of Eden where all looks green, well watered, flourishing, and contented.

The sand blasts of ages have overlooked the canyon spring which faithfully continues to serve. The toiling travelers, man and beast, are joyfully revived. Then there are the desert flats, sage covered, pleasing, and interesting in their temporary monotony. Rare minerals abound for the geologist; unusual plants for the botanist; cliff ruins, pottery, basketry, and rock inscriptions for the anthropologist; color and form effects for the artist; and an educational opportunity of superlative worth for the student on his vacation under the chaperonage of a tutor.

But, permeating all, there is a sense of physical lonesomeness, mingled with an almost constant feeling of the presence of the Creator.

Animal life is scant; but this has its advantages, for who would not do without game, which we at least did not come to kill, if compensated by a comparative paucity of rattlesnakes, gila monsters, scorpions, centipedes, ants, and mosquito toes? All of these are there, but not in annoying numbers.

THE SURROUNDINGS OF RAINBOW NATURAL BRIDGE

In the very heart of this expanse towers the oft-described Rainbow Natural Bridge." Were it located elsewhere than in this cross-bedded sandstone country, it would be a freak, but in its own setting it is a natural and logical phenomenon. On the northwest slope of Navajo Mountain it partially spans one of the canyons which lies deep in the eroded flanks of the monstrous radiating buttresses that descend from the sides of this 10,000-foot mountain.

**See also, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, "Colossal Natural Bridges of Utah," September, 1904; "The Great Natural Bridges of Utah," March, 1907, and February, 1910, and "The Great Rainbow Natural Bridge of Southern Utah," November, 1911.*

Four miles farther down, the streamlet which contributed to the bridge's formation joins a similar watercourse emanating from Forbidding Canyon, and three miles farther on the two, united, empty into the Big Colorado River.

THE 1921 EXPEDITION FAILS

In order to reach the Rainbow Natural Bridge in 1920, we climbed Navajo Mountain, but finally had to skirt it by a circuitous trail to the east.

In 1921 we organized our expedition to reach the Rainbow Natural Bridge by route to the west of Navajo Mountain, skirting Forbidding Canyon. We failed by what we then estimated as about seven or eight miles. Forbidding Canyon proved impassable for a pack-train. Lack of food and feed, horseshoes, tools, and explosives compelled us to leave the accomplishment of our expedition's object for another year, when we would have an equipment calculated to improve our

chances for success.

However, it was clear to us that Forbidding Canyon was not to be our avenue of approach; it was too rugged and snarly; it was blocked by steep shelves that could not be descended, necessitating detours on trailless mountain sides, often dangerous to man and beast.

Besides, Forbidding Canyon had a way of abruptly closing up, its streamlet in the meantime forming an underground passage with sudden ghastly pothole vents or crowded polished throats to one side of a high steep shelf which blocked all travel except for man on all fours and with the aid of a rope.

SUCCESS ACHIEVED IN 1922

For many years it had been my ambition to find a passage west of Navajo Mountain to the Rainbow Natural Bridge, thus penetrating one of the most appalling rock jumbles on this continent. This feat was consummated by our expedition of 1922.

To John Wetherill, of Kayenta, Arizona, who discovered the Rainbow Natural Bridge in 1909, and who has been my guide for three successive years, is also due the discovery of a feasible route to the Rainbow Natural Bridge, the object of our expedition of 1922, namely, the "circumnavigation" of Navajo Mountain and the location en route of cliff ruins and prehistoric home sites, the ancient habitations of basket-makers as well as pottery makers on this continent. Of these latter we found a great number, many of which at some future time might well become the objects of careful excavation and examination.

Our outfit consisted of seven men and 28 horses and mules. John Wetherill, of Kayenta, Arizona, and Ezekiel Johnson, of Blanding, Utah, acted as guides for Earl H. Morris and the writer; Al and Jess Smith attended to the animals. At one time we had two Indians with us, but

we sent one home shortly after we started out, as he proved of no value. We kept the other, even less useful, as he had been injured and we felt it our duty either to get him home to his own people or within reach of proper medical care.

Two days devoted to scouting from our camp, which we named "Sagito," meaning water in the rocks, near the south western point of Navajo Mountain, resulted in our finding a route that skirted its western flank.

Two of the mountain's buttresses, steep and trailless, were to be crossed as well as three canyons lying in their depths. These feats accomplished, we arrived at a deep cut, immediately south of No Name Mesa, which we named Half Dome Canyon.

This cut it was necessary for us to follow longitudinally. We struck a very old, disused Indian trail. I call it a trail because in a few places we found stones placed by human hands, at some time in the dim past, on top of rocks where Nature would not have placed them; otherwise there was no trace of path or trail.

We climbed out of Half Dome Canyon in a northeasterly direction to reach what we named The Saddle, a ridge of cream colored limestone connecting Navajo Mountain with the terra-cotta colored No Name Mesa.

This was an endurance test of the most distressing sort for man and beast, to be followed by one equally as trying, with all hands afoot, in order to get down on the other side of The Saddle into what we named Cliff Canyon.

That descent, over rolling rocks and sliding sands, around boulders and roots, had its thrills, for a caravan of 28 animals must be kept moving at a fairly even and rapid tempo or chaos reigns.

Sliding loads, kicking, biting, and crowding animals, and dust clouds completely obliterated all thoughts of weariness, dizziness, and danger. It required complete con-

centration to take us down some 2,500 feet, over a sheer and apparently impassable slope.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the bottom of Cliff Canyon, so named by us because of the sheer cliffs which lined it.

The heat was "Julyesque." The streamlet at its bottom was dry. Our animals had had no water since early in the morning and there was practically no grazing on the way side.

My half-gallon canvas water-bag was less than half full; no one of us had ever been here before; we did not know when water would be reached.

To turn back was impossible, confronting us was the unknown |

The canyon was parched and thirsty looking. Even the cacti, those reservoirs of moisture, looked shriveled and shrunken.

I had been pondering as to the best use for the little water left in my bag; my companions had none whatever. Would it be sufficient to moisten the noses and mouths of our animals next morning, so that they might be able to drag on, if need be, without load?

Such lugubrious reflections kept tormenting me for hours, when suddenly, at about sundown, a silvery shimmer, far ahead, a catching and reflecting of the departing sun-rays, heralded the presence of water. "To," which in Navajo means water, and "shineago," which means food, were on our parched and chapped lips. We knew we could pitch a camp here and that from it we could reconnoiter farther for a passage east through some cleft in the sheer rock cliffs which we had to put behind us if we wanted to succeed.

DRAWINGS IN COLOR LEFT BY THE
BASKET
MAKERS

Next morning we shifted our camp a

mile or so farther down Cliff Canyon into a small grove of cedars and piñons. We named it Painted Rock Camp because of drawings in three colors—red, yellow, and black—on the rock face near by, above a cliff-ruin site. The type of drawings indicated that it was the former home of basket-maker aborigines, who, by the way, belonged to an era preceding the pottery-makers.

Here we had splendid water for drinking, rock pools for bathing, and our animals had very fair grazing—an important element in our calculations, for we were sorely in need of the feed of the wayside to conserve our 1,500 pounds of oats, which we brought from Kayenta, where we did our outfitting (see map, page 198). On June 30 we commenced reconnoitering to the east. The most hardy of our little band went to find an opening through the easterly cliffs, while Johnson and I went downstream to ascertain where it would lead and to verify our suspicion that our Cliff Canyon Brook emptied into Forbidding Canyon.

Our suspicions were well founded. Two miles downstream we reached the notorious Forbidding Canyon, which promptly exhibited all its characteristics, so well known to us (see text, page 198). Its course soon became impassable for animals and a bit farther almost so for man, unless provided with rope.

A SKELETON FOUND IN CHARCOAL CAVE

At a cave, which we named Charcoal Cave because of its many fireplaces, we turned back, after digging for remains in the refuse piles. In these piles we only found wooden implements and sandals made of yucca fiber, but on another visit Mr. Morris dug up the complete skeleton of a boy.

Alongside of the skeleton, Mr. Morris found 499 beads of hematite iron, the loosened parts of a necklace, and five arrows and lance-heads fashioned of petri-

fied wood. This cave, which measured about 400 feet in width by 250 feet in depth, seems a promising field for the remains of the basket-makers.

In the meantime, two days' search on the part of our other men resulted in the discovery of a very likely opening in the easterly canyon wall, and we resolved to dig or blast our way through this. It was necessary for us to take this course, as there was no other way out. Our supply of dynamite, T. N. T., and black powder we hoped would be sufficient. This meant that, besides trail-making, it would be necessary for us to widen the cleft in two places to allow our animals to squeeze through. That, however, was the lesser of the problems ahead of us. The major operation was the blasting of one of the three vertical adjoining colossal rock masses and filling in the forty-foot hole beyond, in order to allow safe passage to our loaded animals.

For nine days we were camped at Painted Rock, two miles distant. Six days were consumed in making a trail over a distance of one mile, four of which were taken up in blasting a way through some 400 feet.

REDBUD PASS LEADS TO SUCCESS

July 9 was a red-letter day. Our trail, which was made with so much care, was finally finished and all of us rode over it. We named it Kedbud Pass because we there discovered large numbers of redbud trees, whose strong and tough wood supplied us with material for crowbars. We reached Bridge Canyon and the Rainbow Natural Bridge without the necessity of dismounting and dragging our animals after us.

The feat was accomplished and it only remained for us to get our outfit through. This we did three days later, thus locating the "Xorthwest Passage," as I often referred to it. and completing the "circumnavigation" of Navajo Mountain. To attempt to refer to the many other

incidents in our Rough Rider journey or to elaborate details—amusing, daring, scientific, or mundane—would lead too far. Mere reference to the perilous ascent of No Name Mesa by some of our men, not including myself, excursions in Forbidding Canyon, and explorations in Nasja and Beaver canyons, must also suffice. The circling of Navajo Mountain, an intimate contact with hundreds of square miles of continental United States never

before visited by white man, photographing and mapping the district, as well as the location of a great number of prehistoric sites and ruins, were the goals long visualized and ultimately achieved by the 1922 expedition. •

Credit for this feat is due to the wood craft of all of our men and the good generalship of our head guide, John Wetherill.